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THE SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS.







H E



O N G S

OF

ROBERT BURNS.



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THE "Songs" of Burns form such a distinct feature of his writings, and have obtained such universal popularity, that it has occurred to the publishers to issue them complete by themselves, in the convenient form of one of their Pocket Volumes.

They have been edited on the same plan as the corresponding volume of the "Poems," and, with that volume, comprise the entire poetical works of the great national poet of Scotland.







THE
SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS.

THE LASS O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—"MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL TO BANFF, OR
ETTRICK BANKS."

T WAS even—the dewy fields were green,
On every blade the pearls hang;
The Zephyr wanton'd round the bean,
And bore its fragrant sweets along:
In every glen the mavis sang,
All Nature listening seem'd the while,
Except where green-wood echoes rang,
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
My heart rejoic'd in Nature's joy,
When musing in a lonely glade,
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy;
Her look was like the morning's eye,
Her air like Nature's vernal smile,
Perfection whisper'd passing by,
Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
And sweet is night in Autumn mild;
When roving through the garden gay,
Or wandering in a lonely wild:
But Woman, Nature's darling child!
There all her charms she does compile;
Ev'n there her other works are foil'd
By the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

O, had she been a country maid,
And I the happy country swain,
Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
Through weary winter's wind and rain,
With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
And nightly to my bosom strain
The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
Where fame and honours lofty shine;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
Or downward seek the Indian mine;
Give me the cot below the pine,
To tend the flocks or till the soil,
And every day has joys divine
With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle.

SONG OF DEATH.

A GAELIC AIR.

Scene—A field of battle. Time of the day—Evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the song.



AREWELL, thou fair day, thou green
 earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun!
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear,
 tender ties,
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go, frighten the coward and slave!
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell Tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
 hands,
 Our King and our Country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 Oh! who would not die with the brave!

MY AIN KIND DEARIE O.



HEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin time is near, my jo;
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field
 Return sae dowf and wearie O;
 Down by the burn, where scented birks
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,
 If through that glen I gaed to thee,
 My ain kind dearie O.
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie O,
 I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin grey,
 It maks my heart sae cheery O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie O.

AULD ROB MORRIS.



HERE'S auld Rob Morris that wons in
yon glen,

He's the king o' gude fellows and wale
o' auld men.

He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

But oh! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and
yard;

A wooer like me mauna hope to come speed,
The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me;
O how past describing had then been my bliss,
As now my distraction no words can express!

NAEBODY.



HAE a wife o' my ain,
 I'll partake wi' naebody;
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.

I hae a penny to spend,
 There—thanks to naebody;
 I hae naething to lend,
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord,
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a guid braid sword,
 I'll tak dunts frae naebody.

I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me
 I'll care for naebody.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.



HE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack, we share o't,
 The warstle and the care o't;
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

DUNCAN GRAY.



DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
 On blithe yule night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Maggie coost her head fu' high,
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
 Ha, ha, &c.
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
 Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie die?
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg grew sick—as he grew well,
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her een they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath,
Now they're crouse and cantie baith;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

O POORTITH.

TUNE—"I HAD A HORSE."



POORTITH cauld, and restless love,

Ye wreck my peace between ye;

Yet poortith a' I could forgive,

An' 'twerena for my Jeanie.

O why should fate sic pleasure have,

Life's dearest bands untwining?

Or why sae sweet a flower as love

Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,

Its pride, and a' the lave o't;

Fie, fie on silly, coward man,

That he should be the slave o't.

O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray

How she repays my passion;

But prudence is her o'erword aye,

She talks of rank and fashion.

O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,

And sic a lassie by him?

O wha can prudence think upon,

And sae in love as I am?

O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate !
 He woos his simple dearie ;
 The silly bogles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them eerie.
 O why should fate sic pleasure have,
 Life's dearest bands untwining ?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining ?

GALA WATER.



HERE'S braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander through the blooming
 heather,
 But Yarrow braes nor Ettrick shaws
 Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,
 Aboon them a' I lo'e him better ;
 And I'll be his and he'll be mine,
 The bonnie lad o' Gala Water.

Although his daddie was nae laird,
 And though I hae nae meikle tocher ;
 Yet rich in kindest, truest love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;
 The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
 Oh, that's the chiefest warld's treasure !

LORD GREGORY.



MIRK, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar,
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door.

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it mayna be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonnie Irwine side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love,
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow,
Thou wad for aye be mine!
And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast:
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
Oh, wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to Heaven and me!

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

WITH ALTERATIONS.



H, open the door, some pity to show,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!
 Though thou hast been false, I'll ever
 prove true,
 Oh, open the door to me, Oh!

“Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But caulder thy love for me, Oh!
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, Oh!

“The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, Oh!
 False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh!”

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide;
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh!
 “My true love,” she cried, and sank down by his side,
 Never to rise again, Oh!

MEG O' THE MILL.

AIR—"O, BONNIE LASS, WILL YOU LIE IN A BARRACK."



KEN ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten,
An' ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has
gotten?

She has gotten a coof wi' a claute o' siller,
And broken the heart o' the barley Miller.

The Miller was strappin, the Miller was ruddy;
A heart like a lord, and a hue like a lady;
The laird was a widdiefu', bleerit knurl;
She's left the guid fellow and ta'en the churl.

The Miller he hecht her a heart leal and loving;
The Laird did address her wi' matter mair moving,
A fine pacing horse wi' a clear chained bridle,
A whip by her side, and a bonnie side-saddle.

O wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
And wae on the love that is fixed on a maiden!
A tocher's nae word in a true lover's parle,
But, gie me my love, and a fig for the warl!

JESSIE.

TUNE—"BONNIE DUNDEE."



T RUE hearted was he, the sad swain o' the
 Yarrow,
 And fair are the maids on the banks o'
 the Ayr,
 But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river,
 Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair :
 To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over ;
 To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;
 Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
 And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
 And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
 But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
 Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
 Love sits in her smile, a wizzard ensnaring ;
 Enthroned in her een he delivers his law :
 And still to her charms she alone is a stranger !
 Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a'.

WANDERING WILLIE.



H ERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the
 same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee ;
 Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The simmer to nature, my Willie to me !

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers ;
 How your dread howling a lover alarms !
 Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide-roaring main ;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

LOGAN BRAES.

TUNE—"LOGAN WATER."



LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
 That day I was my Willie's bride ;
 And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
 Like Logan to the simmer sun.

But now thy flow'ry banks appear
 Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
 While my dear lad maun face his faes,
 Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Again the merry month o' May
 Has made our hills and valleys gay ;
 The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 The bees hum round the breathing flowers ;

Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
 And evening's tears are tears of joy :
 My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
 While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
 Among her nestlings, sits the thrush ;
 Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
 Or wi' his song her cares beguile :
 But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,
 Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
 Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
 While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,
 That brethren rouse to deadly hate !
 As ye mak monie a a fond heart mourn,
 Sae may it on your heads return !
 How can your flinty hearts enjoy
 The widow's tear, the orphan's cry ?
 But soon may peace bring happy days,
 And Willie hame to Logan Braes !

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE—" BONNIE JEAN."



HERE was a lass, and she was fair,
 At kirk and market to be seen,
 When a' the fairest maids were met,
 The fairest maid was bonnie Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie :
The blithest bird upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest ;
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the brawest lad,
The flower and pride of a' the glen ;
And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,
And wanton naigies nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down ;
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en ;
So trembling, pure, was tender love,
Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

And now she works her mammie's wark,
And aye she sighs wi' care and pain ;
Yet wistna what her ail might be,
Or what wad mak her weel again.

But didna Jeanie's heart loup light,
And didna joy blink in her ee,
As Robie tauld a tale o' love,
Ae e'enin on the lily lea ?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love:

"O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 O canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?"

"At barn or byre thou shaltna drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray amang the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me."

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him na:
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR.

TUNE—"ROBIN ADAIR."



W HILE larks with little wing
 Fann'd the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare:
 Gay the sun's golden eye
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
 Such thy morn! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
 Glad did I share;
 While yon wild flowers among,
 Chance led me there:
 Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
 Such thy bloom! did I say,
 Phillis the fair.

Down in a shady walk,
 Doves cooing were,
 I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare:
 So kind may Fortune be,
 Such make his destiny,
 He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fair.

BY ALLAN STREAM.

TUNE—"ALLAN WATER."



Y Allan stream I chanc'd to rove,
 While Phœbus sank beyond Benleddi;*
 The winds were whispering through the
 grove,

The yellow corn was waving ready:
 I listen'd to a lover's sang,
 And thought on youthfu' pleasures monie;
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang—
 O, dearly do I love thee, Annie!

* A mountain west of Strathallan, 3009 feet high. R. B.

O, happy be the woodbine bower,
 Nae nightly bogle mak it eerie ;
 Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
 The place and time I met my dearie !
 Her head upon my throbbing breast,
 She, sinking, said, " I'm thine for ever !"
 While monie a kiss the seal imprest,
 The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae,
 The simmer joys the flocks to follow ;
 How cheery through her shortening day
 Is autumn, in her weeds o' yellow !
 But can they melt the glowing heart,
 Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
 Or, through each nerve the rapture dart,
 Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure ?

HAD I A CAVE.

TUNE—" ROBIN ADAIR."



HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves'
 dashing roar ;
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Ne'er to wake more !

Falsest of womankind ! canst thou declare
 All thy fond plighted vows—fleeting as air ?

To thy new lover hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Then in thy bosom try,
 What peace is there !

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.



WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
 Though father and mither and a' should
 gae mad,

O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
 And comena unless the back-yett be a-jee;
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naebody see,
 And come as ye werena comin to me.
 And come, &c.

O whistle, &c.

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye car'dna a flie:
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,
 Yet look as ye werena lookin at me.
 Yet look, &c.

O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye carena for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
 But courtna anither, though jokin ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 For fear, &c.

O whistle, &c.

HUSBAND, HUSBAND, CEASE YOUR STRIFE.

TUNE—"MY JO, JANET."



HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
Nor longer idly rave, sir;
Though I am your wedded wife,
Yet I am not your slave, sir.

"One of two must still obey,
Nancy, Nancy;
Is it man or woman, say,
My spouse, Nancy?"

If 'tis still the lordly word,
Service and obedience;
I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And so good-bye allegiance!

"Sad will I be so bereft,
Nancy, Nancy!
Yet I'll try to make a shift,
My spouse, Nancy."

My poor heart then break it must,
My last hour I'm near it:
When you lay me in the dust,
Think, think how you will bear it.

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
Nancy, Nancy;

Strength to bear it will be given,
My spouse, Nancy."

Well, sir, from the silent dead
Still I'll try to daunt you;
Ever round your midnight bed
Horrid sprites shall haunt you.

"I'll wed another, like my dear
Nancy, Nancy;
Then all hell will fly for fear,
My spouse, Nancy."

DELUDED SWAIN.

TUNE—"THE COLLIER'S DOCHTER."



DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle Fair can give thee,
Is but a fairy treasure,
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee.

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion,
They are but types of woman.

Oh! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature.

Go, find an honest fellow,
 Good claret set before thee :
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory.

MY LOVELY NANCY.

TUNE—"THE QUAKER'S WIFE."



HINE am I, my faithful fair,
 Thine, my lovely Nancy ;
 Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
 Ev'ry roving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
 There to throb and languish :
 Though despair had wrung its core,
 That would heal its anguish.

Take away those rosy lips,
 Rich with balmy treasure !
 Turn away thine eyes of love,
 Lest I die with pleasure !

What is life when wanting love ?
 Night without a morning !
 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
 Nature gay adorning.

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

A NEW SCOTS SONG.

TUNE—"THE SUTOR'S DOCHTER."



WILT thou be my dearie?
 When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart
 Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shalt ever be my dearie—
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shalt ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
 Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me—
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

BANKS OF CREE.

TUNE—"THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH."



ERE is the glen, and here the bower,
All underneath the birchen shade;
The village-bell has toll'd the hour,
O what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call;
'Tis but the balmy-breathing gale,
Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove
His little faithful mate to cheer,
At once 'tis music—and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
O welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flow'ry banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

TUNE—"O'ER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."



OW can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my Sailor lad?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe?

Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day,
 Are with him that's far away.

CHORUS.

On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away;
 Nightly dreams and thoughts by day
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer's noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in the scorching sun
 My Sailor's thund'ring at his gun:
 Bullets, spare my only joy!
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!
 Fate, do with me what you may,
 Spare but him that's far away!
 On the seas, &c.

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power;

As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild war his ravage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet:
 Then may Heaven with prosp'rous gales
 Fill my Sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms their charge convey,
 My dear lad that's far away.

On the seas, &c.

HARK! THE MAVIS.

TUNE—"CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES."

CHORUS.



A' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them where the heather grows,
 Ca' them wher the burnie rows,
 My bonnie dearie.

HARK! the mavis' evening sang,
 Sounding Clouden's woods amang;
 Then a-faulding let us gang,
 My bonnie dearie.
 Ca' the, &c.

We'll gae down by Clouden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide,
O'er the waves that sweetly glide
To the moon sae clearly.

Ca' the, &c.

Yonder Clouden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours,
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ca' the, &c.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;
Thou'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,
Nocht of ill may come thee near,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the, &c.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart;
I can die—but canna part,
My bonnie dearie.

Ca' the, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my ee,
Ye shall be my dearie.

Ca' the, &c.

SHE SAYS SHE LO'ES ME BEST OF A'.

TUNE—"ONAGH'S WATER-FALL."



AE flaxen were her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitchingly o'erarching
 Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
 Her smiling, sae wiling,
 Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow!
 Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
 When first her bonnie face I saw,
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ancle is a spy
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad make a saint forget the sky;
 Sae warming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form an' gracefu' air;
 Ilk feature—auld Nature
 Declar'd that she could do nae mair:
 Her's are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city,
 And gaudy show at sunny noon;

Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon
 Fair beaming, and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'es me best of a'?

HOW LANG AND DREARY.

TUNE—"CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN."



OW lang and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie;
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

CHORUS.

For oh, her lanely nights are lang,
 And oh, her dreams are eerie;
 And oh, her widowed heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie!
 And now that seas between us roar,
 How can I be but eerie!
 For oh, &c.

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
 The joyless day how drearie!
 It wasna sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 For oh, &c.

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS.

TUNE—"DEIL TAK THE WARS."



LEEP'ST thou or wak'st thou, fairest
 creature?

Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
 Numbering ilka bud which Nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
 Now through the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
 The lintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower;
 The lav'rock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fair,
 The murky shades o' care

With starless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky :
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meets my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart ;
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light, and joy !

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

TUNE—"ROTHEMURCHIE'S RANT."

CHORUS.



ASSIE wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks ?
 Wilt thou be my dearie O ?

Now Nature cleeds the flowery lea,
 And a' is young and sweet like thee ;
 O wilt thou share its joys wi' me,
 And say thou'lt be my dearie O ?
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the welcome simmer-shower
 Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
 We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
 At sultry noon, my dearie O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
 The weary shearer's hameward way,
 Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
 And talk o' love, my dearie O.
 Lassie wi', &c.

And when the howling wintry blast
 Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
 Enclasped to my faithfu' breast,
 I'll comfort thee, my dearie O.
 Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
 Bonnie lassie, artless lassie,
 Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks,
 Wilt thou be my dearie O?

THE AULD MAN.

TUNE—"THE DEATH OF THE LINNET."



UT lately seen in gladsome green
 The woods rejoic'd the day,
 Through gentle showers the laughing
 flowers
 In double pride were gay:
 But now our joys are fled,
 On winter blasts awa!
 Yet maiden May, in rich array,
 Again shall bring them a'.

 But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,
 Sinks in time's wintry rage.
 Oh, age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why com'st thou not again?

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

TUNE—"NANCY'S TO THE GREENWOOD GANE."

FAREWELL, thou stream that winding
flows

Around Eliza's dwelling !

O Mem'ry ! spare the cruel throes

Within my bosom swelling :

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,

And yet in secret languish,

To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,

Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,

I fain my griefs would cover :

The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,

Betray the hapless lover.

I know thou doom'st me to despair,

Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me ;

But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer—

For pity's sake forgive me !

The music of thy voice I heard,

Nor wist while it enslav'd me ;

I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,

Till fears no more had sav'd me :

Th' unwary sailor, thus aghast,

The wheeling torrent viewing,

'Mid circling horrors sinks at last

In overwhelming ruin.

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE.

TUNE—"LUMPS O' PUDDING."



CONTENTED wi' little, and cantie wi'
mair,
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and
care,

I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' gude swats, and an auld Scottish sang.

I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
But man is a soger, and Life is a faught:
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare
touch.

A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';
When at the blythe end of our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come ease, or come travail; come pleasure or pain,
My warst word is—"Welcome, and welcome again!"

MY NANNIE'S AWA.

TUNE—"THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE
COMES HAME."



OW in her green mantle blythe Nature
arrays,

And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er
the braes,

While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw;
But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa.

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet o' the morn:
They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa.

Thou laverock that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,
The shepherd to warn o' the grey-breaking dawn,
And thou, mellow mavis, that hails the night-fa',
Gie over for pity—my Nannie's awa.

Come Autumn sae pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me wi' tidins o' Nature's decay;
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
Alane can delight me—now Nannie's awa.

SWEET FA'S THE EVE.

TUNE—"CRAIGIEBURN-WOOD."



WEET fa's the eve on Craigie-burn,
 And blythe awakes the morrow,
 But a' the pride o' spring's return
 Can yield me nocht but sorrow.

I see the flowers and spreading trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing;
 But what a weary wight can please,
 And care his bosom wringing?

Fain, fain would I my griefs impart,
 Yet dare na for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.

If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love anither,
 When yon green leaves fa' frae the tree,
 Around my grave they'll wither.

O LASSIE ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

TUNE—"LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT."



LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet?
 Or art thou wakin, I would wit?
 For love has bound me, hand and foot.
 And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS.

O let me in this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks through the driving sleet;
Tak pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
Of a' my grief and pain, jo.
O let me in, &c.

HER ANSWER.

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain!
Gae back the gait ye cam again,
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS.

I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wand'rer pours,
 Is nocht to what poor she endures,
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed;
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her ain, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.
 I tell you now, &c.

THEIR GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE.

TUNE—"HUMOURS OF GLEN."



THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign
 lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt
 the perfume;
 Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.
 Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen:
 For there, lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
 A listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And could Caledonia's blast on the wave;
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud
 palace,
 What are they? the haunt of the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain;
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

'T WAS NA HER BONNIE BLUE E'E.

TUNE—"LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME."



WAS na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin;
 Fair though she be, that was ne'er my
 undoing;

'Twas the dear smile when naebody did
 mind us,

'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.

Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me.
 Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
 But though fell fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queen shall she be in my bosom for ever!

Mary, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,
 And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

ADDRESS TO THE WOOD-LARK.

TUNE—"WHERE'LL BONNIE ANN LIE."



STAY, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That I may catch thy melting art;
For surely that wad touch her heart,
Wha kills me wi' disdainin'.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' wae could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care;
O' speechless grief, and dark despair;
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!
Or my poor heart is broken!

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS.

TUNE—"JOHN ANDERSON MY JO."



OW cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize,
 And to the wealthy booby
 Poor woman sacrifice.
 Meanwhile the hapless daughter
 Has but a choice of strife;
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Becomes a wretched wife.

The ravening hawk pursuing,
 The trembling dove thus flies,
 To shun impelling ruin
 Awhile her pinions tries:
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter or retreat,
 She trusts the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet.

MARK YONDER POMP.

TUNE—"DEIL TAK THE WARS."



ARK yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy titled bride:
 But when compared with real passion,
 Poor is all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures?
 What are the noisy pleasures?

The gay, gaudy glare of vanity and art :
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wond'ring gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris,
 In simplicity's array ;
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shrinking from the gaze of day.
 O then, the heart alarming,
 And all resistless charming,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul !
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown ;
 Even Avarice would deny
 His worshipped deity,
 And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

O THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

TUNE—"THIS IS NO MY AIN HOUSE."



THIS is no my ain lassie,
 Fair though the lassie be ;
 O weel ken I my ain lassie,
 Kind love is in her e'e.

I see a form, I see a face,
 Ye weel may wi' the fairest place :
 It wants, to me, the witching grace,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.
 O this is no, &c.

She's bonnie, blooming, straight, and tall,
 And lang has had my heart in thrall;
 And aye it charms my very saul,
 The kind love that's in her e'e.
 O this is no, &c.

A thief sae pawkie is my Jean,
 To steal a blink, by a' unseen;
 But gleg as light are lovers' een,
 When kind love is in the e'e.
 O this is no, &c.

It may escape the courtly sparks,
 It may escape the learned clerks;
 But weel the watching lover marks
 The kind love that's in her e'e.
 O this is no, &c.

O BONNIE WAS YON ROSY BRIER.

TUNE—"I WISH MY LOVE WAS IN A MIRE."



BONNIE was yon rosy brier,
 That blooms sae fair frae haunt o' man;
 And bonnie she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'enin sun.

Yon rosebuds in the morning dew,
 How pure amang the leaves sae green;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

All in its rude and prickly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair !
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 Amid life's thorny path o' care.

The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine ;
 And I, the world, nor wish, nor scorn,
 Its joys and griefs alike resign.

FORLORN, MY LOVE.

TUNE—"LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT."



FORLORN, my love, no comfort near,
 Far, far from thee, I wander here ;
 Far, far from thee, the fate severe
 At which I most repine, love.

CHORUS.

O wert thou, love, but near me,
 But near, near, near me ;
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine, love.

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
 And shelter, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love.
 O wert, &c.

Cold, alter'd friendship's cruel part,
 To poison fortune's ruthless dart—

Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say that fate is mine, love.
 O wert, &c.

But dreary though the moments fleet
 O let me think we yet shall meet !
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloris shine, love.
 O wert, &c.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER.

TUNE—"THE LOTHIAN LASSIE."



AST May a braw wooer cam down the
 lang glen,
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
 I said there was naething I hated like
 men,

The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me,
 The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,
 And vow'd for my love he was dying ;
 I said he might die when he liked for Jean :
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying !

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel for the laird,
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers :
 I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd ;
 But thought I might hae waur offers, waur offers,
 But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak his taste to gae near her !
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her, could
bear her,
Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there !
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I gae him a blink,
Lest neebors might say I was saucy ;
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,
And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,
Gin she had recover'd her hearin,
And how my auld shoon fitted her shachl't feet—
But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin, a swearin,
But, Heavens ! how he fell a swearin.

He begged, for Gudesake, I wad be his wife,
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow :
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

HEY FOR A LASS WI' A TOCHER.

TUNE—"BALINAMONA ORA."



WA wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your
 arms,
 O, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 O, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.

CHORUS.

Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher, then hey, for a
 lass wi' a tocher,
 Then hey, for a lass wi' a tocher; the nice yellow
 guineas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster, the faster it grows;
 But the rapturous charm o' the bonnie green knowes,
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonnie white yowes.
 Then hey, &c.

And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
 The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
 But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,
 The langer ye hae them—the mair they're carest.
 Then hey, &c.

ALTHOUGH THOU MAUN NEVER BE
MINE.

TUNE—"HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM THAT'S
AWA, HINEY."

CHORUS.



ERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art as sweet as the smile when fond
lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear—Jessy!

ALTHOUGH thou maun never be mine,
Although even hope is denied;
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing
Than aught in the world beside—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I mourn through the gay, gaudy day,
As, hopeless, I muse on thy charms:
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,
For then I am lockt in thy arms—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

I guess by the dear angel smile,
I guess by the love-rolling e'e;
But why urge the tender confession
'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree—Jessy!
Here's a health, &c.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

CHORUS.



ONNIE lassie, will ye go, will ye go, will
ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go to the Birks of
Aberfeldy?

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays,
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'er-hung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonnie lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the Birks of Aberfeldy.
 Bonnie lassie, &c.

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

TUNE—"MORAG."



LOUD blaw the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover;
 Like winter on me seizes,
 Since my young Highland Rover
 Far wanders nations over.
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden;
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon!

The trees now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging,
 The birdies dowie moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonnie Castle-Gordon.

STAY, MY CHARMER.

TUNE—"AN GILLE DUBH CIAR DHUBH."



TAY, my charmer, can you leave me?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me!
 Well you know how much you grieve me;
 Cruel charmer, can you go?
 Cruel charmer, can you go?

By my love so ill-requited;
 By the faith you fondly plighted;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted;
 Do not, do not, leave me so!
 Do not, do not, leave me so!

FULL WELL THOU KNOW'ST.

TUNE—"ROTHEMURCHIE'S RANT."

CHORUS.



AIREST maid on Devon banks,
 Crystal Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou lay that frown aside,
 And smile as thou were wont to do?

FULL well thou know'st I love thee dear,
 Couldst thou to malice lend an ear?
 O, did not love exclaim, "Forbear,
 Nor use a faithful lover so?"
 Fairest maid, &c.

Then come, thou fairest of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share !
 And by thy beauteous self I swear,
 No love but thine my heart shall know.
 Fairest maid, &c.

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.



HICKEST night, o'erhang my dwelling !
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave !

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engag'd,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly wag'd,
 But the Heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend ;
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend !

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

TUNE—"M'GREGOR OF RUARA'S LAMENT."



AVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd deploring:

"Farewell, hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
 Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 On the hopeless future pondering;
 Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell despair my fancy seizes.
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Load to misery most distressing,
 O, how gladly I'd resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee!"

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

TUNE—"DRUIMION DUBH."



USING on the roaring ocean
 Which divides my love and me;
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
 For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to Nature's law;
 Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow
 Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,
 Downy sleep the curtain draw;
 Spirits kind, again attend me,
 Talk of him that's far awa.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

TUNE—"ANDRO AND HIS CUTTIE GUN."

CHORUS.



LITHE, blithe and merry was she,
 Blithe was she but and ben:
 Blithe by the banks of Ern,
 But blither in Glenturit glen.

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,
 On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
 But Phemie was a bonnier lass
 Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
 Blithe, &c.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
 Her smile was like a simmer morn;
 She tripped by the banks of Ern
 As light's a bird upon a thorn.
 Blithe, &c.

Her bonnie face it was as meek
 As onie lamb's upon a lee;
 The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
 As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
 Blithe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
 And o'er the Lowlands I hae been;
 But Phemie was the blithest lass
 That ever trod the dewy green.
 Blithe, &c.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.

TUNE—"NEIL GOW'S LAMENTATION FOR ABERCAIRNY."



HERE, braving angry winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochels rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes.

As one who, by some savage stream,
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam
 With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,

Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their pow'r!
 The tyrant death with grim control
 May seize my fleeting breath;
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

THE LAZY MIST.

IRISH AIR—"COOLUN."



THE lazy mist hangs from the brow of the
 hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark-
 winding rill;
 How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
 As autumn to winter resigns the pale year!
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues!

How long I have lived, but how much lived in vain:
 How little of life's scanty span may remain:
 What aspects old Time in his progress has worn:
 What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn.
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how
 pain'd!
 This life's not worth having, with all it can give,
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

TUNE—"THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE."



ROSE-BUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-enclosed bawk,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning.

Ere twice the shades o' dawn are fled,
In a' its crimson glory spread,
And drooping rich the dewy head,
It scents the early morning.

Within the bush, her covert nest
A little linnet fondly prest,
The dew sat chilly on her breast
Sae early in the morning.

She soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
Amang the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
Awake the early morning.

So thou, dear bird, young Jeany fair,
On trembling string or vocal air,
Shall sweetly pay the tender care
That tents thy early morning.

So thou, sweet rose-bud, young and gay,
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
And bless the parent's evening ray
That watch'd thy early morning.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

TUNE—"INVERCAULD'S REEL."

CHORUS.



TIBBIE, I hae seen the day,
 Ye would na been sae shy;
 For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
 But, trowth, I care na by.

YESTREEN I met you on the moor,
 Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure:
 Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
 But fient a hair care I.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
 Because ye hae the name o' clink,
 That ye can please me at a wink,
 Whene'er ye like to try.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
 Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
 Wha follows onie saucy quean
 That looks sae proud and high.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
 If that he want the yellow dirt,
 Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
 And answer him fu' dry.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
 Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
 Though hardly he, for sense or lear,
 Be better than the kye.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
 Your daddy's gear maks you sae nice ;
 The deil a ane wad spier your price,
 Were ye as poor as I.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

There lives a lass in yonder park,
 I would na gie her in her sark,
 For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark ;
 Ye need na look sae high.
 O Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

TUNE—"MISS ADMIRAL GORDON'S STRATHSPEY."



F a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 I dearly like the west,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
 And monie a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair :

I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green ;
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

TUNE—"MY LOVE IS LOST TO ME."



H, were I on Parnassus' hill !
 Or had of Helicon my fill ;
 That I might catch poetic skill,
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My Muse maun be thy bonnie sel' ;
 On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay !
 For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
 I coud na sing, I coud na say,
 How much, how dear I love thee.
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By Heaven and earth I love thee !

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame ;
 And aye I muse and sing thy name,
 I only live to love thee.

Though I were doom'd to wander on,
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run ;
 Till then—and then I'd love thee.

THE BLISSFUL DAY.

TUNE—"THE SEVENTH OF NOVEMBER."



HE day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet,
 Though winter wild 'in tempest toil'd,
 Ne'er summer-sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line ;
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine.

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give ;
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone, I live !
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part ;
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE.

TUNE—"MISS FORBES'S FAREWELL TO BANFF."



HE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lee,
 Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green,
 But Nature sicken'd on the e'e.

Through faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel' in beauty's bloom the whyle,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle.

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair;
 Ye birdies dumb, in with'ring bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air.
 But here, alas! for me nae mair
 Shall birdie charm, or floweret smile;
 Fareweel the bonnie banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel, sweet Ballochmyle.

THE HAPPY TRIO.

TUNE—"WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT."



H, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
 And Rob and Allan cam to pree;
 Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
 Ye wad na find in Christendie.

CHORUS.

We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a drappie in our ee;
 The cock may craw, the day may daw,
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
 Three merry boys I trow are we;
 And monie a night we've merry been,
 And monie mae we hope to be!
 We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
 That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
 She shines sae bright to whyle us hame,
 But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!
 We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
 A cuckold, coward loun is he!
 Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
 He is the king amang us three!
 We are na fou, &c.

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

TUNE—"THE BLATHRIE O'T."



GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
 Her heaving bosom lily-white;—
 It was her een sae bonnie blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
 She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
 But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
 She'll aiblins listen to my vow:
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
 To her twa een sae bonnie blue.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.



JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;

But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither;
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson my jo.

TAM GLEN.

TUNE—"THE MUCKING O' GEORDIE'S BYRE."



Y heart is a breaking, dear Tittie!
 Some counsel unto me come len',
 To anger them a' is a pity;
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
 In poortith I might mak a fen';
 What care I in riches to wallow,
 If I mauna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,
 "Guid-day to you, brute!" he comes ben:
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men;
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me;
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hunder marks ten:
 But, if it's ordained I maun take him,
 O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the Valentines' dealing,
 My heart to my mou gied a sten:
 For thrice I drew ane without failing,
 And thrice it was written,—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I was waukin
 My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;
 His likeness cam up the house staukin—
 And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear Tittie! don't tarry—
 I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to marry
 The lad I lo'e dearly,—Tam Glen.

GANE IS THE DAY.

TUNE—"GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN."



ANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And bluid-red wine's the risin sun.

CHORUS.

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the lawin,
 Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a coggie
 mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple-folk maun fecht and fen',
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
 Then guidwife count, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
 Then guidwife count, &c.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.



MEIKLE thinks my luvè o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my luvè o' my kin;
 But little thinks my luvè I ken brawlie,
 My tocher's the jewel has charms for
 him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
 It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
 My laddie's sae meikle in luvè wi' the siller,
 He canna hae luvè to spare for me.

Your proffer o' luvè's an airt-penny,
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
 But an ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
 Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN.

TUNE—"WHAT CAN A LASSIE DO."



HAT can a young lassie, what shall a young
lassie,
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld
man?

Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie
To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!
Bad luck on the penny, &c.

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,
He hoasts and he hirples the weary day lang:
He's doylt and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows:
O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man!

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;
I'll cross him, and rack him, until I heart-break him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

TUNE—"THE MOUDIEWORT."

CHORUS.



AN O for ane and twenty, Tam !
 An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam !

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,
 And gar me look like bluntie, Tam !
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.
 And O for ane, &c.

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam ;
 At kith or kin I need na spier,
 An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
 An O for ane, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
 Though I mysel' hae plenty, Tam ;
 But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
 I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam !
 And O for ane, &c.

THE BONNIE WEE THING.

TUNE—"THE LADS OF SALTCOATS."



BONNIE wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wistfully I look and languish
 In that bonnie face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In ae constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this soul o' mine!
 Bonnie wee, &c.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

TUNE—"ROBIE DONNA GORACH."



THE Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand;
 But sweeter flows the Nith to me,
 Where Cummins ance had high command:

When shall I see that honour'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear !
 Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here ?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ;
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dales,
 Where lambkins wanton through the broom !
 Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonnie banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days !

BESSY AND HER SPINNIN WHEEL.

TUNE—"BOTTOM OF THE PUNCH BOWL."



LEEZE me on my spinnin wheel,
 O leeze me on my rock and reel ;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,
 And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !

I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laigh descends the simmer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—
 O leeze me on my spinning wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot ;
 The scented birk and hawthorn white
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the birdie's nest,
 And little fishes' caller rest :

The sun blinks kindly in the biel',
Where blithe I turn my spinnin wheel.

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,
And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
Delighted, rival ither's lays:
The craik amang the claver hay,
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,
Amuse me at my spinnin wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Aboon distress, below envy,
O wha wad leave this humble state,
For a' the pride of a' the great?
Amid their flarin, idle toys,
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,
Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Of Bessy at her spinnin wheel?

COUNTRY LASSIE.

TUNE—"JOHN, COME KISS ME NOW."



IN simmer when the hay was mawn,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka bield;
Blithe Bessie in the milking shiel,
Says, "I'll be wed, come o't what will;"
Out spak a dame in wrinkled eild,
"O' guid advisement comes nae ill.

“ It’s ye hae wooers monie ane,
And, lassie, ye’re but young, ye ken ;
Then wait a wee, and cannie wale
A routhie butt, a routhie ben :
There’s Johnie o’ the Buskie-glen,
Fu’ is his barn, fu’ is his byre ;
Tak this frae me, my bonnie hen,
It’s plenty beets the luvèr’s fire.”

“ For Johnie o’ the Buskie-glen
I dinna care a single flie ;
He lo’es sae weel his craps and kye,
He has nae luvè to spare for me :
But blithe’s the blink o’ Robie’s ee,
And weel I wat he lo’es me dear :
Ae blink o’ him I wad na gie
For Buskie-glen and a’ his gear.”

“ O thoughtless lassie, life’s a faught ;
The canniest gate, the strife is sair ;
But aye fu’ han’t is fechtin best,
An hungry care’s an unco care :
But some will spend, and some will spare,
An’ wilfu’ folk maun hae their will ;
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill.”

“ O, gear will buy me rigs o’ land,
And gear will buy me sheep and kye ;
But the tender heart o’ leesome luvè
The gowd and siller canna buy :
We may be poor—Robie and I,
Light is the burden luvè lays on ;
Content and luvè brings peace and joy,
What mair hae queens upon a throne ?”

FAIR ELIZA.

TUNE—"THE BONNIE BRUCKET LASSIE."



URN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part!
 Rue on thy despairing lover!
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
 The offence is loving thee;
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe:
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon;
 Not the poet in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his ee,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.



HE'S fair and fause that causes my smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang:
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my
 heart,

And I may e'en gae hang:
 A coof cam in wi' rowth o' gear,
 And I hae tint my dearest dear,
 But woman is but warld's gear,
 Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind:
 O Woman lovely, Woman fair!
 An Angel form's faun to thy share,
 'Twad been o'er meikle to've gien thee mair,
 I mean an Angel mind.

THE POSIE.



LUVE will venture in, where it daur na
 weel be seen,
 O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance
 has been;

But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae
 green,
 And a' to pu' a Posie to my ain dear May.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms with-
out a peer;
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonnie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' it's locks o' siller gray,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak
away;
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu' when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her een sae
clear;
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a Posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the Posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a'
above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er
remuve,
And this shall be a Posie to my ain dear May.

THE BANKS O' DOON.

TUNE—"THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT."



E banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair!
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons through the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed—never to return.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate,
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.
 Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
 To see the rose and woodbine twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
 And my fause luvver stole my rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
 Upon a morn in June;
 And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
 And sae was pu'd on noon.

GLOOMY DECEMBER.



NCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy
December,

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and
care ;

Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour ;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,
Is anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has taken my bosom,
Since my last hope and my comfort is gone.

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care ;
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

BEHOLD THE HOUR.

TUNE—" ORGAN-GAOIL."



EHOLD the hour, the boat arrive !

Thou goest, thou darling of my heart !
Sever'd from thee can I survive ?

But fate has will'd, and we must part !

I'll often greet this surging swell ;
 Yon distant isle will often hail :
 " E'en here I took the last farewell ;
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail."

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowls round me cry,
 Across the rolling, dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye :
 " Happy, thou Indian grove," I'll say,
 " Where now my Nancy's path may be !
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
 O tell me, does she muse on me?"

WILLIE'S WIFE.

TUNE—" TIBBIE FOWLER IN THE GLEN."



WILLIE WASTLE dwalt on Tweed,
 The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie,
 Willie was a wabster guid,
 Cou'd stown a clue wi' onie bodie ;
 He had a wife was dour and din,
 O Tinkler Madgie was her mither ;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

She has an ee—she has but ane,
 The cat has twa the very colour ;
 Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
 A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;

A whiskin beard about her mou,
 Her nose and chin they threaten ither;
 Sic a wife, &c.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein shinn'd,
 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter;
 She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
 To balance fair in ilka quarter:
 She has a hump upon her breast,
 The twin o' that upon her shouther;
 Sic a wife, &c.

Auld baudrons by the ingle sits,
 An' wi' her loof her face a-washin;
 But Willie's wife is nae sae trig,
 She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
 Her walie nieves like midden-creels,
 Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;
 Sic a wife as Willie had,
 I wad na gie a button for her.

AFTON WATER.



LOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy
 green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy
 praise;
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.
 Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds through the
 glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,

Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,
I charge you, disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills :
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow ;
There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides ;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear
wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays ;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE?

TUNE—"MY MOTHER'S AYE GLOWRIN O'ER ME."



LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvor, beggar loons to me,
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me :
Kings and nations, swith awa !
Reif randies, I disown ye.

BONNIE BELL.



HE smiling spring comes in rejoicing,
And surly winter grimly flies :
Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
And bonnie blue are the sunny skies ;
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
The ev'ning gilds the ocean's swell ;
All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,
And yellow autumn presses near,
Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,
Till smiling spring again appear.
Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
Old Time and Nature their changes tell,
But never ranging, still unchanging,
I adore my bonnie Bell.

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

TUNE—"THE HIGHLAND WATCH'S FAREWELL."



Y heart is sair, I dare na tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 I could wake a winter night,
 For the sake o' somebody.

Oh-hon! for somebody!

Oh-hey! for somebody!

I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,

O, sweetly smile on somebody!

Frae ilka danger keep him free,

And send me safe my somebody.

Oh-hon for somebody!

Oh-hey for somebody!

I wad do—what wad I not?

For the sake o' somebody!

O MAY, THY MORN.



MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,

As the mirk night o' December;

For sparkling was the rosy wine,

And private was the chamber.

And dear was she I dare na name,

But I will aye remember.

And dear, &c.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,
 Can push about the jorum :
 And here's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that's guid watch o'er them ;
 And here's to them we dare na tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum.
 And here's to, &c.

THE LOVELY LASS O' INVERNESS.



HE lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, alas !
 And aye the saut tear blins her ee :
 Drumossie Moor, Drumossie day,
 A waefu' day it was to me ;
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
 Their graves are growing green to see ;
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee !
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
 For monie a heart thou hast made sair,
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

TUNE—"WISHAW'S FAVOURITE."



MY luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June:
O, my luv'e's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luv'e am I:
And I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
'Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luv'e thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only luv'e!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my luv'e,
Though it were ten thousand mile.

O, WAT YE WHA'S IN YON TOWN.

TUNE—"THE BONNIE LASS IN YON TOWN."



WAT ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'enin sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'enin sun is shining on.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw,
 She wanders by yon spreading tree:
 How blest, ye flow'rs that round her blaw,
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee!

How blest, ye birds that round her sing,
 And welcome in the blooming year,
 And doubly welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lucy dear!

The sun blinks blithe on yon town,
 And on yon bonnie braes of Ayr;
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss, is Lucy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could yield me joy;
 But gie me Lucy in my arms,
 And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Though raging winter rent the air;
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
 Yon sinkin sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town,
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe,
 And suffering I am doom'd to bear;
 I careless quit aught else below,
 But spare me, spare me Lucy dear.

For while life's dearest blood is warm,
 Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart,
 And she, as fairest is her form,
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

A VISION.

TUNE—"CUMNOCK PSALMS."



S I stood by yon roofless tower
 Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy
 air,
 Where the howlet mourns in her ivy
 bower,

And tells the midnight moon her care;

CHORUS.

A lassie, all alone, was making her moan,
 Lamenting our lads beyond the sea:
 In the bluidy wars they fa', and our honour's gane
 an' a',
 And broken-hearted we maun die.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruin'd wa',
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whase distant roarings swell and fa'.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing, eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moon-beam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain
The sacred posy—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy his former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

TUNE—"THE LASS OF LIVINGSTONE."



WERT thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.

Or did misfortune's bitter storms
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Of earth and air, of earth and air,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The only jewel in my crown,
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

TUNE—"THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDY."



AE gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,
 Shall ever be my Muse's care;
 Their titles a' are empty show;
 Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

CHORUS.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rushy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll love my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll dare the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
Within thy glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band;
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

Fareweel, the glen sae bushy, O!
 Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O!
 To other lands I now must go,
 To sing my Highland lassie, O!

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.



JOCKEY'S ta'en the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountains he is gane;
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Nought but griefs with me remain.

Spare my luv, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating rain!
 Spare my luv, thou feathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain!

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair, gladsome ee,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be.

He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

PEGGY'S CHARMS.



Y Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
The frost of hermit age might warm ;
My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
Might charm the first of human kind.

I love my Peggy's angel air,
Her face so truly heavenly fair,
Her native grace so void of art ;
But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye ;
Who but owns their magic sway,
Who but knows they all decay !
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look that rage disarms,
These are all immortal charms.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

CHORUS.



P in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early ;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly ;

Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

THOUGH CRUEL FATE.



HOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
As far's the pole and line;
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.

Though mountains frown and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

.

I DREAMED I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.



DREAM'D I lay where flowers were
springing
Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
By a falling, crystal stream:

Straight the sky grew black and daring,
 Through the woods the whirlwinds rave;
 Trees with aged arms were warring,
 O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoyed;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
 Though fickle fortune has deceived me,
 She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
 Of monie a joy and hope bereav'd me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

BONNIE ANN.



Ye gallants bright, I rede you right,
 Beware o' bonnie Ann:
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
 Your hearts she will trepan.
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan;
 Sae jimpy lac'd her genty waist,
 That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
 And pleasure leads the van;
 In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
 They wait on bonnie Ann.
 The captive bands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man:
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
 Beware o' bonnie Ann.

MY BONNIE MARY.



O fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie;
 That I may drink before I go,
 A service to my bonnie lassie.

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry;
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
 The glittering spears are ranked ready;
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody;
 But it's no the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad mak me langer wish to tarry;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar,
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.



My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is
 not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing
 the deer;

Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here:
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

TUNE—"NEIL GOW'S LAMENT."



HERE'S a youth in this city, it were a
 great pity,
 That he from our lasses should wander
 awa;

For he's bonnie and braw, weel favour'd witha',
 And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.
 His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
 His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw;
 His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slac,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
 His coat is the hue, &c.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
 Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted and
 braw;

But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
 The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.
 There's Meg wi' the mailin, that fain wad a haen
 him,

And Susy whase daddy was Laird o' the ha';
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
 —But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

THE RANTIN DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

TUNE—"EAST NOOK O' FIFE."



WHA my babie-clouts will buy?
 Wha will tent me when I cry?
 Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the faut?
 Wha will buy my groanin maut?
 Wha will tell me how to ca't?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,
 Wha will sit beside me there?
 Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
 Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
 Wha will kiss me o'er again?
 The rantin dog the daddie o't.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.



DO confess thou art sae fair,
 I wad been owre the lugs in luvè;
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak, thy heart could
 muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
 Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
 Thy favours are the silly wind
 That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud rich in dew,
 Amang its native briars sae coy,
 How soon it tines its scent and hue
 When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate, e'er lang, shall thee betide,
 Though thou may gaily bloom a while;
 Yet soon thou shalt be thrown aside,
 Like onie common weed and vile.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.



ON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and
 wide,
 That nurse in their bosom the youth o'
 the Clyde,

Where the grouse lead their coveys through the
heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his
reed :

Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors ;
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd clear stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green narrow strath ;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, fly the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair ;
O' nice education but sma' is her share ;
Her parentage humble as humble can be ;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs ?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they fly to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling
e'e,

Has lustre outshining the diamond to me ;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
arms,

O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms !

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR?



HA is that at my bower door?

O wha is it but Findlay;

Then gae your gate, ye'se nae be here!

Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.

What mak ye sae like a thief?

O come and see, quo' Findlay;

Before the morn ye'll work mischief;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in;

Let me in, quo' Findlay;

Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

In my bower if ye should stay;

Let me stay, quo' Findlay;

I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain;

I'll remain, quo' Findlay;

I dread ye'll learn the gate again;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

What may pass within this bower—

Let it pass, quo' Findlay;

Ye maun conceal till your last hour;

Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

FAREWELL TO NANCY.



E fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, and then for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge
 thee,

Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
 While the star of hope she leaves him ?
 Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me ;
 Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy ;
 But to see her was to love her ;
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met—or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !
 Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure.
 Ae fond kiss, and then we sever !
 Ae fareweel, alas, for ever !
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

THE BONNIE BLINK O' MARY'S EE.



OW bank an' brae are claith'd in green,
 An' scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring,
 By Girvan's fairy haunted stream
 The birdies flit on wanton wing.

To Cassillis' banks when e'ening fa's,
 There wi' my Mary let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's ee.

The chield wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
 Is aften laird o' meikle care ;
 But Mary she is a' my ain,
 Ah, fortune canna gie me mair !
 Then let me range by Cassillis' banks
 Wi' her the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonnie blink o' Mary's ee.

OUT OVER THE FORTH.



UT over the Forth I look to the north,
 But what is the north and its High-
 lands to me ?

The south nor the east gie ease to my
 breast,
 The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
 That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be ;
 For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
 The lad that is dear to my babie and me.

THE BONNIE LAD THAT'S FAR AWA.

TUNE—"OWRE THE HILLS AND FAR AWA."



HOW can I be blithe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and braw,
 When the bonnie lad that I lo'e best
 Is owre the hills and far awa?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving drift and snaw ;
 But aye the tear comes in my e'e,
 To think on him that's far awa.

My father pat me frae his door,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a' :
 But I hae ane will tak my part,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

A pair o' gloves he gae to me,
 And silken snoods he gae me twa ;
 And I will wear them for his sake,
 The bonnie lad that's far awa.

The weary winter soon will pass,
 And spring will cleed the birken-shaw ;
 And my sweet babie will be born,
 And he'll come hame that's far awa.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

TUNE—"BANKS OF BANNA."



ESTREEN I had a pint o' wine,
 A place where body saw na';
 Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.

'The hungry Jew in wilderness
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my hinny bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah!
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna.
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An Empress or Sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms,
 I give and take with Anna!

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day!
 Awa, thou pale Diana!
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
 When I'm to meet my Anna.
 Come, in thy raven plumage, night,
 Sun, moon, and stars, withdrawn a';
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna!

POSTSCRIPT.

The kirk and state may join, and tell
 To do such things I mauna :
 The kirk and state may gae to hell,
 And I'll gae to my Anna.
 She is the sunshine o' my ee,
 To live but her I canna ;
 Had I on earth but wishes three,
 The first should be my Anna.

BANKS OF DEVON.



OW pleasant the banks of the clear winding
 Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes, and
 flowers blooming fair !
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.
 Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew !
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.
 Oh, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing as ye usher the dawn !
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn !
 Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England triumphant display her proud rose ;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

TUNE—"THE MUCKIN O' GEORDIE'S BYRE."



DOWN winding Nith I did wander,
To mark the sweet flowers as they
spring;

Adown winding Nith I did wander,
Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

CHORUS.

Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,
They never wi' her can compare;
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.

The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
So artless, so simple, so wild;
Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.
Awa, &c.

The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
How fair and how pure is the lily,
But fairer and purer her breast.
Awa, &c.

Yon knot of gay flowers in the harbour,
They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.
Awa, &c.

Her voice is the song of the morning
 That wakes through the green-spreading grove,
 When Phœbus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.
 Awa, &c.

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
 The bloom of a fine summer's day!
 While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
 Will flourish without a decay.
 Awa, &c.

STREAMS THAT GLIDE.

TUNE—"MORAG."



STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
 Never bound by winter's chains!
 Glowing here on golden sands,
 There commix'd with foulest stains

From tyranny's empurpled bands:
 These, their richly-gleaming waves,
 I leave to tyrants and their slaves;
 Give me the stream that sweetly laves
 The banks by Castle Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
 Shading from the burning ray
 Hapless wretches sold to toil,
 Or the ruthless native's way,
 Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil:
 Woods that ever verdant wave,

I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms, by Castle Gordon.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole,
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood;
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonnie Castle Gordon.

THE DE'IL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN.



HE De'il cam fiddling through the town,
And danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;
And ilka wife cry'd, "Auld Mahoun,
We wish you luck o' your prize, man.

"We'll mak our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And monie thanks to the muckle black De'il
That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

"There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
Was—the De'il's awa wi' the Exciseman.
We'll mak our maut," &c.

BLITHE HAE I BEEN ON YON HILL.

TUNE—"LIGGERAM COSH."



LITHE hae I been on yon hill,
 As the lambs before me;
 Careless ilka thought and free,
 As the breeze flew o'er me:

Now nae langer sport and play,
 Mirth or sang can please me;
 Lesley is sae fair and coy,
 Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
 Hopeless love declaring:
 Trembling, I dow nocht but glow'r,
 Sighing, dumb, despairing!
 If she winna ease the thraws
 In my bosom swelling;
 Underneath the grass-green sod
 Soon maun be my dwelling.

OH, WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

TUNE—"HUGHIE GRAHAM."



H, WERE my love yon lilac fair,
 Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
 And I, a bird to shelter there,
 When wearied on my little wing:

How I wad mourn, when it was torn
 By autumn wild, and winter rude !
 But I wad sing on wanton wing,
 When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

O gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew,
 Into her bonnie breast to fa' !

Oh, there beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night ;
 Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE.

TUNE—" CAULD KAIL."



OME, let me take thee to my breast,
 And pledge we ne'er shall sunder ;
 And I shall spurn as vilest dust
 The world's wealth and grandeur :
 And do I hear my Jeanie own
 That equal transports move her ?
 I ask for dearest life alone
 That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' all thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure ;
 I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure :

And by thy een, sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever!
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never!

WHERE ARE THE JOYS.

TUNE—"SAW YE MY FATHER?"



HERE are the joys I have met in the
 morning,
 That danc'd to the lark's early song?
 Where is the peace that awaited my
 wand'ring,
 At evening, the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
 And marking sweet flow'rets so fair:
 No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
 But sorrow and sad sighing care.

Is it that summer's forsaken our valleys,
 And grim, surly winter is near?
 No, no, the bees humming round the gay roses,
 Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
 Yet long, long too well have I known:
 All that has caus'd this wreck in my bosom,
 Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone.

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
 Nor hope dare a comfort bestow:
 Come then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish,
 Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe.

O SAW YE MY DEAR.

TUNE—"WHEN SHE CAM BEN SHE BOBBIT."



SAW ye my dear, my Phely?
 O saw ye my dear, my Phely?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love,
 She winna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely?
 She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willy.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely!
 As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
 Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER, JAMIE.

TUNE—"FEE HIM, FATHER."



THOU hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever;
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,
 Thou hast left me ever.

Aften hast thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever;
 Now thou'st left thy lass for aye—
 I maun see thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never !

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken;
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie,
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anither jo,
 While my heart is breaking;
 Soon my weary een I'll close—
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken !

MY CHLORIS.

TUNE—" MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND."



Y Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair:
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The lav'rock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings:
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string
 In lordly lighted ha':

The shepherd stops his simple reed,
Blithe, in the birken shaw.

The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
But are their hearts as light as ours
Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd, in the flowery glen,
In shepherd's phrase will woo:
The courtier tells a finer tale,
But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
That spotless breast o' thine:
The courtier's gems may witness love—
But 'tis na love like mine.

CHARMING MONTH OF MAY.

TUNE—"DAINTY DAVIE."



T was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break o' day,
The youthful, charming Chloe;

From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead she goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

CHORUS.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
 Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe,
 Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
 The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see
 Perch'd all around on every tree,
 In notes of sweetest melody
 They hail the charming Chloe;

Till, painting gay the eastern skies,
 The glorious sun began to rise,
 Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
 Of youthful, charming Chloe.
 Lovely was she, &c.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN.

TUNE—"DUNCAN GRAY."



LET not woman e'er complain
 Of inconstancy in love;
 Let not woman e'er complain,
 Fickle man is apt to rove:

Look abroad through Nature's range,
 Nature's mighty law is change;
 Ladies, would it not be strange,
 Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies;
 Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow:
 Sun and moon but set to rise,
 Round and round the seasons go.

Why then ask of silly man,
 To oppose great Nature's plan?
 We'll be constant while we can—
 You can be no more, you know.

O PHILLY.

TUNE—"THE SOW'S TAIL."

HE.



PHILLY, happy be that day,
 When, roving through the gather'd hay,
 My youthfu' heart was stown away,
 And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE.

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
 Where first I own'd my maiden love,
 Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
 To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
 Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
 So ilka day to me mair dear
 And charming is my Philly.

SHE.

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky,
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE.

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flowery spring,
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,
As meeting o' my Willy.

HE.

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compar'd wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weat
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

HE.

Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

SHE.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie!
 I care na wealth a single flie;
 The lad I love's the lad for me,
 And that's my ain dear Willy.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

A BALLAD.



HERE was three Kings into the east,
 Three Kings both great and high,
 An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
 Put clods upon his head,
 And they hae sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful Spring came kindly on,
 And show'rs began to fall;
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong,
 His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
 When he grew wan and pale;

His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then tied him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They tossed him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller used him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drunk it round and round;

And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise ;

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS.

TUNE—" ROY'S WIFE."

CHORUS.



CANST thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy ?
Well thou know'st my aching heart,
And canst thou leave me thus for pity ?

Is this thy plighted, fond regard,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy ?
Is this thy faithful swain's reward—
An aching, broken heart, my Katy ?
Canst thou, &c.

Farewell ! and ne'er such sorrows tear
 That fickle heart of thine, my Katy !
 Thou mayst find those will love thee dear—
 But not a love like mine, my Katy.
 Canst thou, &c.

ON CHLORIS BEING ILL.

TUNE—"AYE WAUKIN O."

CHORUS.



LONG, long the night,
 Heavy comes the morrow,
 While my soul's delight
 Is on her bed of sorrow.

CAN I cease to care ?
 Can I cease to languish,
 While my darling fair
 Is on the couch of anguish ?
 Long, &c.

Every hope is fled,
 Every fear is terror ;
 Slumber even I dread,
 Every dream is horror.
 Long, &c.

Hear me, Powers divine !
 Oh, in pity hear me !
 Take aught else of mine,
 But my Chloris spare me !
 Long, &c.

WHEN GUILDFORD GOOD OUR PILOT
STOOD.

A FRAGMENT.

TUNE—"KILLIECRANKIE."



WHEN Guildford good our Pilot stood,
An' did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man :

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man ;
An' did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then through the lakes Montgomery takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man ;
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn,
And Carleton did ca', man :
But yet, what-reck, he; at Quebec,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage
Was kept at Boston ha', man ;
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man :

Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man;
But at New York, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-Loin he hacked sma', man.

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw, man.
Cornwallis fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, an' Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man;
For Paddy Burke, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' Charlie Fox threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

Then Rockingham took up the game;
Till death did on him ca', man;
When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
Conform to Gospel law, man;
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man;
For North an' Fox united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs an' hearts were Charlie's cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,

Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
Led him a sair faux pas, man :
The Saxon lads wi' loud placads,
On Chatham's boy did ca', man ;
An' Scotland drew her pipe, an' blew,
" Up, Willie, waur them a', man ! "

Behind the throne then Grenville's gone,
A secret word or twa, man ;
While slee Dundas arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man :
An' Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired Bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, " Willie, rise !
" Would I hae fear'd them a', man ? "

But, word an' blow, North, Fox, and Co.
Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man,
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man ;
An' Caledon threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swoor fu' rude through dirt and blood,
To make it guid in law, man.

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THE RIGS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"CORN RIGS ARE BONNIE."



T was upon a Lammas night,
 When corn rigs are bonnie,
 Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
 I held awa to Annie :

The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
 'Till 'tween the late and early,
 Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
 To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
 The moon was shining clearly,
 I set her down, wi' right good will,
 Among the rigs o' barley :
 I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
 I lov'd her most sincerely ;
 I kiss'd her owre and owre again
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
 Her heart was beating rarely ;
 My blessings on that happy place
 Among the rigs o' barley !
 But by the moon and stars so bright,
 That shone that hour so clearly
 She aye shall bless that happy night
 Among the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear ;
 I hae been merry drinkin ;
 I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
 I hae been happy thinking :
 But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
 Though three times doubl'd fairly,
 That happy night was worth them a',
 Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
 An' corn rigs are bonnie :
 I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
 Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

FAREWELL TO ELIZA.

TUNE—"GILDEROY."



FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
 And from my native shore ;
 The cruel fates between us throw
 A boundless ocean's roar :
 But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
 Between my love and me,
 They never, never can divide
 My heart and soul from thee.

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
 The maid that I adore !
 A boding voice is in mine ear,
 We part to meet no more !

But the last throb that leaves my heart,
 While death stands victor by,
 That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
 And thine that latest sigh!

MY NANIE, O.



BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows,
 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
 The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
 And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;
 The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
 But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
 An' owre the hills to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet, an' young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O:
 The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
 An' few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be?
 I'm welcome aye to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
 An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
 But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
 My thoughts are a',—my Nanie, O.

Our auld guidman delights to view
 His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
 But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
 An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care nae by,
 I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
 Nae ither care in life have I,
 But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.



REEN grow the rashes, O;
 Green grow the rashes, O;
 The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
 Were spent among the lasses, O!

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
 In ev'ry hour that passes, O;
 What signifies the life o' man,
 An' 'twerena for the lasses, O?
 Green grow, &c.

The warly race may riches chase,
 An' riches still may fly them, O;
 An' though at last they catch them fast,
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
 Green grow, &c.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O;
 An' warly cares, an' warly men,
 May a' gae tapsalteerie O!
 Green grow, &c.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
 The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.
 Green grow, &c.

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NOW WESTLIN WINDS.

TUNE—"I HAD A HORSE, I HAD NAE MAIR."



OW westlin winds, an' slaught'ring guns
 Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
 The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
 Amang the blooming heather:

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Through lofty groves the cushat roves,
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander;
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

But, Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly;

I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be, as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer !

THE BIG-BELLIED BOTTLE.

TUNE—"PREPARE, MY DEAR BRETHREN, TO THE
 TAVERN LET'S FLY."



O churchman am I for to rail and to write,
 No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
 No sly man of business contriving a snare,
 For a big-bellied bottle's the whole of
 my care.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
 I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low ;
 But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
 And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse ;
 There centum per centum, the cit with his purse ;
 But see you The Crown how it waves in the air,
 There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
 For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
 I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
 That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
 A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
 But the pursy old landlord just waddled upstairs,
 With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

“ Life’s cares they are comforts,” * a maxim laid
 down

By the bard, what d’ye call him, that wore the
 black gown;

And, faith, I agree with th’ old prig to a hair,
 For a big-bellied bottle’s a heav’n of care.

A STANZA ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o’erflow,
 And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
 May every true brother of the compass and square
 Have a big-bellied bottle when harass’d with care.

THE AUTHOR’S FAREWELL TO HIS
 NATIVE COUNTRY.

TUNE—“ ROSLIN CASTLE.”



HE gloomy night is gath’ring fast,
 Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o’er the plain;

The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter’d coveys meet secure,

* Young’s Night Thoughts. R. B.

While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early Winter's ravage torn ;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly :
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
Though death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear :
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! Farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonnie banks of Ayr !

THE FAREWELL.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE, TORBOLTON.

TUNE—"GUID NIGHT, AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'!"



DIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
 Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy!

Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
 And spent the cheerful, festive night;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the sons of light:
 And by that hieroglyphic bright,
 Which none but Craftsmen ever saw,
 Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa'!

May freedom, harmony, and love
 Unite you in the grand design,
 Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious Architect Divine!
 That you may keep th' unerring line,
 Still rising by the plummet's law,
 Till Order bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

And You,* farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly, that highest badge to wear!
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble name,
 To Masonry and Scotia dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One round, I ask it with a tear,
 To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

AND MAUN I STILL ON MENIE† DOAT.

TUNE—"JOCKEY'S GREY BREEKS."



GAIN rejoicing Nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.†

And maun I still on Menie doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me, the violets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
 And maun I still, &c.

* Sir John Whiteford, the Grand Master.

† Menie is the common abbreviation of Marianne. R. B.

‡ This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's. R. B.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
And maun I still, &c.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
And maun I still, &c.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorland whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
And maun I still, &c.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
And maun I still, &c.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!
And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e?
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.

HIGHLAND MARY.

TUNE—"KATHERINE OGIE."



E banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !

There Simmer first unfauld her robes,
 And there the longest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ;
 But Oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

AULD LANG SYNE.



SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine ;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin sun till dine ;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

An' here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 An' gie's a hand o' thine;
 And we'll tak a right guid willie-waught,
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
 And surely I'll be mine;
 And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

BANNOCKBURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

TUNE—"HEY TUTTIE TATTIE."



COTS wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
 See the front o' battle lower,
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa' ?
 Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do or die !

THE GALLANT WEAVER.

TUNE—" THE AULD WIFE AYONT THE FIRE."



HERE Cart rins rowin to the sea,
 By monie a flow'r and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver.

Oh, I had wooers aught or nine,
 They gied me rings and ribbons fine;
 And I was fear'd my heart would tine,
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-band,
 To gie the lad that has the land,
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gie it to the weaver.

While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ;
 While bees delight in opening flowers ;
 While corn grows green in simmer showers,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

SONG.



ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care ;
 But, ah ! how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
 To hope may be forgiven ;
 For sure, 'twere impious to despair
 So much in sight of heaven.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.



HERE there, for honest poverty,
 That hangs his head, and a' that ?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Our toils obscure and a' that ;
 The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that—
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that!

DAINTY DAVIE.



OW rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green spreading bowers;
And now come in my happy hours,
To wander wi' my Davie.

CHORUS.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
The merry birds are lovers a',
The scented breezes round us blaw,
A wandering wi' my Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
Meet me, &c.

When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,
I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
And that's my ain dear Davie.
Meet me, &c.

TO MR. CUNNINGHAM.

TUNE—"THE HOPELESS LOVER."



OW spring has clad the grove in green,
 And strew'd the lea wi' flowers;
 The furrow'd waving corn is seen
 Rejoice in fostering showers;
 While ilka thing in nature join
 Their sorrows to forego,
 O why thus all alone are mine
 The weary steps of woe!

The trout within yon wimpling burn
 Glides swift, a silver dart,
 And safe beneath the shady thorn
 Defies the angler's art:
 My life was once that careless stream,
 That wanton trout was I;
 But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
 Has scorch'd my fountain dry.

The little flow'ret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae ruder visit knows,
 Was mine; till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now beneath the withering blast
 My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
 And climbs the early sky,
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye;
 As little reck'd I sorrow's power,
 Until the flowery snare
 O' witching love, in luckless hour,
 Made me the thrall o' care.

Oh, had my fate been Greenland snows
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 Wi' man and nature leagued my foes,
 So Peggy ne'er I'd known!
 The wretch whase doom is, "Hope nae mair!"
 What tongue his woes can tell?
 Within whase bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirits dwell.

CLARINDA.



CLARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measur'd time is run!
 The wretch beneath the dreary pole
 So marks his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylvander hie;
 Depriv'd of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy?

We part—but by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes!

No other light shall guide my steps,
Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day:
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

WHY, WHY TELL THY LOVER.

TUNE—"THE CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT."



HY, why tell thy lover,
Bliss he never must enjoy?
Why, why undeceive him,
And give all his hopes the lie?

O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers,
Chloris, Chloris all the theme!
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
Wake thy lover from his dream?

CALEDONIA.

TUNE—"CALEDONIAN HUNT'S DELIGHT."



HERE was once a day, but old Time then
was young,
That brave Caledonia, the chief of her
line,
From some of your northern deities sprung:
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)

From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would :
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
And pledged her their godheads to warrant it
good.

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew ;
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore,
“ Whoe’er shall provoke thee, th’ encounter shall
rue !”

With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn :
But chiefly the woods were her fav’rite resort,
Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn.

Long quiet she reign’d ; till thitherward steers
A flight of bold eagles from Adria’s strand ;
Repeated, successive, for many long years,
They darken’d the air, and they plunder’d the
land :

Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
They’d conquer’d and ruin’d a world beside ;
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly,
The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north,
The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore ;
The wild Scandinavian boar issued forth
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore :
O’er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail’d,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel ;
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail’d,
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell.

The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife;
 Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood:
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance,
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be;
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
 The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
 But brave Caledonia's the hypotenuse;
 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them
 always.

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN THE DUKE OF ARGYLE AND THE EARL OF MAR.

TUNE—"THE CAMERONIAN RANT."



CAM ye here the fight to shun,
 Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were you at the Sherra-muir,
 And did the battle see, man?"

"I saw the battle, sair and tough,
 And reeking-red ran monie a sheugh,
 My heart, for fear, gaed sough for sough,

To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at Kingdoms three, man.

“ The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And monie a bouk did fa', man:
And great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced for twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

“ But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frightened doos, man.”

“ O how deil, Tam, can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man:
I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horsemen back to Forth, man;
And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight!
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And monie a huntit, poor red-coat,
For fear amaist did swarf, man.”

“ My sister Kate cam up the gate,
 Wi’ crowdie unto me, man;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae guid-will
 That day their neebors’ blood to spill;
 For fear, by foes, that they should lose
 Their cogs o’ brose; all crying woes,
 And so it goes, you see, man.

“ They’ve lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in whiggish hands, man;
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
 But monie bade the world guid-night;
 Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets’ knell,
 Wi’ dying yell, the tories fell,
 And whigs to hell did flee, man.”

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

TUNE—“ PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.”

April, 1795.



DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the louns beware, sir,
 There’s wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, sir.

The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!
Fal de ral, &c.

O let us not like snarling tykes
In wrangling be divided;
Till slap, come in an unco loon,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!
Fal de ral, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad dare to spoil it;
By heaven, the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it.
Fal de ral, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
And the wretch his true-born brother,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be damned together!
Who will not sing, "God save the King,"
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, "God save the King,"
We'll ne'er forget the People.

O WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

TUNE—"MORAG."



WHA is she that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' simmer weeping,
 In tears the rose-buds steeping.

CHORUS.

O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie, ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming,
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming;
 O that's, &c.

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighted,
 That ilka body talking,
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted;
 O that's, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one ;
 When frae her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted ;
 O that's, &c.

CAPTAIN GROSE.

TUNE—" SIR JOHN MALCOLM."



EN ye aught o' Captain Grose ?
 Igo, and ago,
 If he's amang his friends or foes,
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he South, or is he North,
 Igo, and ago,
 Or drowned in the river Forth ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highland bodies ?
 Igo, and ago,
 And eaten like a wether-haggis ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abram's bosom gane ?
 Igo, and ago,
 Or haudin Sarah by the wame ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him,
 Igo, and ago,
 As for the deil he daur na steer him.
 Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit th' enclosed letter,
 Igo, and ago,
 Which will oblige your humble debtor.
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store,
 Igo, and ago,
 The very stanes that Adam bore.
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
 Igo, and ago,
 The coins o' Satan's coronation!
 Iram, coram, dago.

WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O'T.



IRST when Maggy was my care,
 Heaven, I thought, was in her air;
 Now we're married—spier nae mair—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
 Bonnie Meg was Nature's child—
 Wiser men than me's beguil'd;—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
 How we love and how we 'gree,
 I care na by how few may see—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.
 Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
 Dish'd up in her winding-sheet,
 I could write—but Meg maun see't—
 Whistle owre the lave o't.

O, ONCE I LOV'D A BONNIE LASS.

TUNE—"I AM A MAN UNMARRIED."



ONCE I lov'd a bonnie lass,
 Ay, and I love her still,
 And whilst that virtue warms my breast
 I'll love my handsome Nell.
 Fal lal de ral, &c.

As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
 And monie full as braw,
 But for a modest, gracefu' mien
 The like I never saw.

A bonnie lass, I will confess,
 Is pleasant to the ee,
 But without some better qualities
 She's no the lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet,
 And what is best of a',
 Her reputation is complete,
 And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Both decent and genteel :
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars onie dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart,
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dart.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul !
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reings without control.
 Fal lal de ral, &c.

YOUNG JOCKEY.



YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa ;
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,
 Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha' !
 He roos'd my een sae bonnie blue,
 He roos'd my waist sae genty sma' ;
 An' aye my heart cam to my mou,
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plain,
 Through wind and weet, through frost and snaw,
 And o'er the lea I look fu' fain
 When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'.

An' aye the night comes round again,
 When in his arms he taks me a' ;
 An' aye he vows he'll be my ain
 As lang's he has a breath to draw.

M'PHERSON'S FAREWELL.



FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
 The wretch's destinie :
 M'Pherson's time will not be long
 On yonder gallows tree.

CHORUS.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
 Sae dauntingly gaed he ;
 He play'd a spring and danc'd it round,
 Below the gallows tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath ?—
 On monie a bloody plain
 I've dar'd his face, and in this place
 I scorn him yet again !
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
 And bring to me my sword ;
 And there's no a man in all Scotland,
 But I'll brave him at a word.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife ;
 I die by treacherie :

It burns my heart I must depart,
 And not avenged be.
 Sae rantingly, &c.

Now farewell light, thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame distain his name,
 The wretch that dare not die !
 Sae rantingly, &c.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY.

A BALLAD.

TUNE—"THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY."



IRE was the hate at old Harlaw,
 That Scot to Scot did carry ;
 And dire the discord Langside saw,
 For beauteous, hapless Mary :
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd ;
 But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,
 Commandment the tenth remember'd.
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And wan his heart's desire ;
 Which shows that heaven can boil the pot,
 Though the devil piss in the fire.

Squire Hal besides had, in this case,
Pretensions rather brassy,
For talents to deserve a place
Are qualifications saucy ;
So their worships of the Faculty,
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
To their gratis grace and goodness.

As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight
Of a son of Circumcision,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,
Bob's purblind, mental vision ;
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet,
Till for eloquence you hail him,
And swear he has the Angel met
That met the Ass of Balaam.

In your heretic sins may ye live and die,
Ye heretic eight and thirty !
But accept, ye sublime Majority,
My congratulations hearty.
With your Honors and a certain King
In your servants this is striking—
The more incapacity they bring,
The more they're to your liking.

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.



I'LL aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green again;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonnie Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again;
 But she, my fairest faithfu' lass,
 And stowlins we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin-time draws near again;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 O haith, she's doubly dear again!

A BOTTLE AND FRIEND.

There's nane that's blest of human kind,
 But the cheerful and the gay, man.
 Fal lal, &c.



HERE'S a bottle and an honest friend!
 What wad ye wish for mair, man?
 Wha kens, before his life may end,
 What his share may be o' care, man?
 Then catch the moments as they fly,
 And use them as ye ought, man:—
 Believe me, happiness is shy,
 And comes not aye when sought, man.

I'LL KISS THEE YET.

TUNE—"THE BRAES O' BALQUHIDDER."

CHORUS.



'LL kiss thee yet, yet,
 An' I'll kiss thee o'er again,
 An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
 My bonnie Peggy Alison!

ILK care and fear, when thou art near,
 I ever mair defy them, O;
 Young Kings upon their hansel throne
 Are no sae blest as I am, O!
 I'll kiss thee, &c.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
 I clasp my countless treasure, O;
 I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share,
 Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!
 I'll kiss thee, &c.

And by thy een sae bonnie blue,
 I swear I'm thine for ever, O;—
 And on thy lips I seal my vow,
 And break it shall I never, O!
 I'll kiss thee, &c.

ON CESSNOCK BANKS.

TUNE—"IF HE BE A BUTCHER NEAT AND TRIM."



Cessnock Banks a lassie dwells;
 Could I describe her shape and mien;
 Our lasses a' she far excels,
 An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn
 When rising Phœbus first is seen,
 And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
 An' she's twa sparkling, rogueish een.

She's stately like yon youthful ash
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
 And drinks the stream with vigour fresh,
 An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.

She's spotless like the flow'ring thorn
 With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
 When purest in the dewy morn;
 An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
 When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene,
 While birds rejoice on every spray;
 An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
 That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en,
 When flow'r-reviving rains are past;
 An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her forehead's like the show'ry bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem ;
An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her lips are like yon cherries ripe,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep,
With fleeces newly washen clean,
That slowly mount the rising steep ;
An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' een.

Her teeth are like the nightly snow
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow ;
An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.*

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean,
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;
An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.

Her voice is like the ev'ning thrush
That sings on Cessnock Banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
An' she's twa sparkling rogueish een.

* Variation.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
 Though matching beauty's fabled queen,
 'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
 An' chiefly in her rogueish een.

PRAYER FOR MARY.

TUNE—"BLUE BONNETS."



POWERS celestial, whose protection
 Ever guards the virtuous fair,
 While in distant climes I wander,
 Let my Mary be your care :
 Let her form, sae fair and faultless,
 Fair and faultless as your own,
 Let my Mary's kindred spirit,
 Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
 Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
 Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
 Soothe her bosom into rest :
 Guardian angels ! O protect her,
 When in distant lands I roam ;
 To realms unknown while Fate exiles me,
 Make her bosom still my home.

YOUNG PEGGY.

TUNE—"LAST TIME I CAM O'ER THE MUIR."



YOUNG Peggy blooms our bonniest lass,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn, the springing grass,
 With early gems adorning:

Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each fresh'ning flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has grac'd them,
 They charm the admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them:
 Her smile is as the ev'ning mild,
 When feather'd pairs are courting,
 And little lambkins wanton wild,
 In playful bands disporting.

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her,
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage Winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain
 Her winning powers to lessen;
 And fretful Envy grins in vain,
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Pow'rs of Honour, Love and Truth,
 From ev'ry ill defend her;
 Inspire the highly favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her;
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
 Responsive in each bosom;
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

A SONG.



Y yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it
 was grey;
 And as he was singing, the tears fast down
 came—

There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars,
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
 We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet round their green beds in the
 yird;
 It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
 Sin' I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moment my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THERE WAS A LAD.

TUNE—"DAINTY DAVIE."



HERE was a lad was born at Kyle,
 But whatna a day o' whatna a style
 I doubt it's hardly worth the while
 To be sae nice wi' Robin.

Robin was a rovin Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
 Was five-and-twenty days begun,
 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
 Blew hansel in on Robin.

The gossip keekit in his loof,
 Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof,
 This waly boy will be nae coof,
 I think we'll ca' him Robin.

He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
 But aye a heart aboon them a';
 He'll be a credit to us a',
 We'll a' be proud o' Robin.

But sure as three times three mak nine,
 I see by ilka score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our kin',
 So leeze me on thee, Robin.

Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you, sir,
 Ye gar the lasses
 But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
 So blessings on thee, Robin!

Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
 Robin was a rovin' Boy,
 Rantin' rovin' Robin.

TO MARY.

TUNE—"EWE-BUGHTS, MARION."



ILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 And leave auld Scotia's shore?
 Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
 Across the Atlantic's roar?

O sweet grow the lime and the orange,
 And the apple on the pine;
 But a' the charms o' the Indies
 Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
 I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
 And sae may the Heavens forget me,
 When I forget my vow!

O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 And plight me your lily-white hand;
 O plight me your faith, my Mary,
 Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
 In mutual affection to join,
 And curst be the cause that shall part us!
 The hour, and the moment o' time!

MARY MORISON.

TUNE—"BIDE YE YET."



MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor;

How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun;
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard or saw:
 Though this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown!
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

THE SOGER'S RETURN.

TUNE—"THE MILL MILL O."



WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning:

I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A poor and honest soger.

A leal, light heart was in my breast,
 My hand unstain'd wi' plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported ;
I pass'd the mill, and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted :
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling !
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, " Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn blossom,
O ! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom !
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger ;
I've serv'd my King and Country lang—
Take pity on a soger !"

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier was than ever :
Quo' she, " A soger ance I lo'ed,
Forget him shall I never :
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
Syne pale like onie lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
" Art thou my ain dear Willie ?"
" By Him Who made yon sun and sky,
By Whom true love's regarded,
I am the man ; and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded !

“ The wars are o’er, and I’m come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Though poor in gear, we’re rich in love,
 And mair we’s ne’er be parted.”
 Quo’ she, “ My grandsire left me gowd,
 A mailen plenish’d fairly;
 And come, my faithful soger lad,
 Thou’rt welcome to it dearly !”

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the soger’s prize;
 The soger’s wealth is honour:
 The brave poor soger ne’er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember he’s his country’s stay,
 In the day and hour o’ danger.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER.

TUNE—“ THE WEAVER AND HIS SHUTTLE, O.”



Y Father was a Farmer upon the Carrick
 border, O
 And carefully he bred me in decency and
 order, O
 He bade me act a manly part, though I had ne’er a
 farthing, O
 For without an honest manly heart, no man was
 worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world my course I did determine, O
Though to be rich was not my wish, yet to be great
 was charming, O
My talents they were not the worst; nor yet my
 education, O
Resolv'd was I at least to try to mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay, I courted Fortune's
 favour; O
Some cause unseen still stept between, to frustrate
 each endeavour; O
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; sometimes by
 friends forsaken; O
And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst
 mistaken, O.

Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, with Fortune's
 vain delusion; O
I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, and came to
 this conclusion; O
The past was bad, and the future hid; its good or
 ill untried; O
But the present hour was in my pow'r, and so I
 would enjoy it, O.

No help, nor hope, nor view had I; nor person to be-
 friend me; O
So I must toil, and sweat and broil, and labour to
 sustain me, O
To plough and sow, to reap and mow, my father bred
 me early; O
For one, he said, to labour bred, was a match for
 Fortune fairly, O.

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, through life
I'm doom'd to wander, O
Till down my weary bones I lay, in everlasting
slumber; O
No view nor care, but shun whate'er might breed me
pain or sorrow: O
I live to-day as well's I may, regardless of to-
morrow, O.

But cheerful still, I am as well as a monarch in a
palace, O
Though Fortune's frown still hunts me down, with all
her wonted malice; O
I make indeed my daily bread, but ne'er can make
it farther; O
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much re-
gard her, O.

When sometimes by my labour I earn a little
money, O
Some unforeseen misfortune comes generally upon
me; O
Mischance, mistake, or by neglect, or my good-
natur'd folly; O
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be
melancholy, O.

All you who follow wealth and power, with unre-
mitting ardour, O
The more in this you look for bliss, you leave your
view the farther; O
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts, or nations to
adore you, O
A cheerful honest-hearted clown I will prefer before
you, O.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

TUNE—"FINLAYSTON HOUSE."



ATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierced my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart!

By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother-linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low,
With him I love, at rest!

BONNIE LESLEY.

TUNE—"THE COLLIER'S BONNIE DOCHTER."



SAW ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee:
 Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say, "I canna wrang thee."

The powers aboon will tent thee;
 Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie!
 That we may brag, we hae a lass,
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

AMANG THE TREES.

TUNE—"THE KING OF FRANCE, HE RADE A RACE."



AMANG the trees where humming bees
 At buds and flowers were hinging, O
 Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
 And to her pipe was singing; O

'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
 She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O
 When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
 That dang her tapsalteerie, O—

Their capon craws and queer ha ha's,
 They made our lugs grow eerie; O
 The hungry bike did scrape and pike
 Till we were wae and weary: O—
 But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd
 A prisoner aughteen year awa,
 He fir'd a fiddler in the north
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

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WHEN FIRST I CAME TO STEWART KYLE.

TUNE—"I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR."



HEN first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was na steady,
 Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
 A mistress still I had aye:

But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
 Not dreading onie body,
 My heart was caught before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady.

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ON SENSIBILITY.

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,
MRS. DUNLOP, OF DUNLOP.

AIR—" SENSIBILITY."



SENSIBILITY, how charming,
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
But distress, with horrors arming,
Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower, behold the lily,
Blooming in the sunny ray:
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
See it prostrate on the clay.

Hear the wood-lark charm the forest,
Telling o'er his little joys;
Hapless bird! a prey the surest
To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Finer feelings can bestow;
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

MONTGOMERIE'S PEGGY.

TUNE—"GALA WATER."



ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,
 Amang the heather, in my plaidie,
 Yet happy, happy would I be,
 Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

When o'er the hill beat surly storms,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy;
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.

Were I a Baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
 The sharin't wi' Montgomerie's Peggy.

.....

ON A BANK OF FLOWERS.

The following song, which occurs in Thomson's Collection,
 is founded on one by Allan Ramsay.



ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep opprest;

When Willie, wandering through the wood,
Who for her favour oft had sued ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And trembled where he stood.

Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose ;
Her lip, still as she fragrant breath'd,
It richer dyed the rose.

The springing lilies sweetly prest,
Wild, wanton kiss'd her rival breast ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace !
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace !

Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering ardent kiss he stole ;
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
And sigh'd his very soul.

As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings ;
So Nelly, starting, half awake,
Away affrighted springs :

But Willie follow'd—as he should,
He overtook her in the wood :
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Forgiving all, and good.

OH, RAGING FORTUNE'S WITHERING
BLAST.



H, raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low ! O
Oh, raging fortune's withering blast
Has laid my leaf full low ! O.

My stem was fair, my bud was green,
My blossom sweet did blow ; O
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
And made my branches grow ; O.

But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O
But luckless fortune's northern storms
Laid a' my blossoms low, O.

EVAN BANKS.

TUNE—"SAVOURNA DELISH."



LOW spreads the gloom my soul desires,
The sun from India's shore retires :
To Evan Banks with temp'rate ray,
Home of my youth, he leads the day.

O banks, to me for ever dear !
O stream, whose murmurs still I hear !
All, all my hopes of bliss reside
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

And she, in simple beauty drest,
Whose image lives within my breast ;
Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
And long pursued me with her eye :
Does she, with heart unchang'd as mine,
Oft in the vocal bowers recline ?
Or, where yon grot o'erhangs the tide,
Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde ?

Ye lofty banks that Evan bound,
Ye lavish woods that wave around,
And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Which sweetly winds so far below ;
What secret charm to mem'ry brings,
All that on Evan's border springs !
Sweet banks ! ye bloom by Mary's side :
Blest stream ! she views thee haste to Clyde.

Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost ?—
Return, ye moments of delight,
With richer treasures bless my sight !
Swift from this desert let me part,
And fly to meet a kindred heart !
Nor more may aught my steps divide
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde !

WOMEN'S MINDS.

TUNE—"FOR A' THAT."



HOUGH women's minds like winter winds
 May shift and turn, and a' that,
 The noblest breast adores them maist,
 A consequence I draw that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as meikle's a' that,
 The bonnie lass that I lo'e best
 She'll be my ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to a' the fair,
 Their humble slave and a' that;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to thraw that.
 For a' that, &c.

But there is ane aboon the lave,
 Has wit, and sense, and a' that;
 A bonnie lass, I like her best,
 And wha a crime dare ca' that?
 For a' that, &c.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,
 Wi' mutual love and a' that;
 But for how lang the flie may stang,
 Let inclination law that.
 For a' that, &c.

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They've ta'en me in, and a' that;
 But clear your decks, and here's "The Sex!"
 I like the jades for a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

TUNE—"MISS FORBES' FAREWELL TO BANFF."



THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!

Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?

Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,—

Can I forget the hallow'd grove,

Where by the winding Ayr we met,

To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface

Those records dear of transports past;

Thy image at our last embrace;

Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,

O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;

The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,

Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care;
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

r

TO MARY.



COULD aught of song declare my pains,
 Could artful numbers move thee,
 The Muse should tell, in labour'd strains,
 O Mary, how I love thee!

They who but feign a wounded heart
 May teach the lyre to languish;
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When wastes the soul with anguish?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
 The heart-felt pang discover;
 And in the keen, yet tender eye,
 Oh, read th' imploring lover!

For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising;
 Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd,
 The voice of nature prizing.

O LEAVE NOVELS.



LEAVE novels, ye Mauchline belles,
 Ye're safer at your spinning wheel;
 Such witching books are baited hooks
 For rakish rooks like Rob Mossziel.

Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons,
 They make your youthful fancies reel,
 They heat your brains and fire your veins,
 And then you're prey for Rob Mossziel.

Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung,
 A heart that warmly seems to feel;
 That feeling heart but acts a part,
 'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossziel.

The frank address, the soft caress,
 Are worse than poison'd darts of steel,
 The frank address, and politesse,
 Are all finesse in Rob Mossziel.

ADDRESS TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

A PARODY ON ROBIN ADAIR.



YOU'RE welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier;
How does Dampiere do?
Ay, and Bournonville too?
Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier,
I will fight France with you, Dumourier:
I will fight France with you,
I will take my chance with you:
By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier;
Then let us fight about, Dumourier:
Then let us fight about,
Till freedom's spark is out,
Then we'll be damn'd, no doubt, Dumourier.

SWEETEST MAY.



SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee;
Take a heart which he desires thee;
As thy constant slave regard it;
For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to birth or money,
 Not the wealthy, but the bonnie;
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,
 In love's silken band can bind it!

ONE NIGHT AS I DID WANDER.

TUNE—"JOHN ANDERSON MY JO."



NE night as I did wander,
 When corn begins to shoot,
 I sat me down to ponder
 Upon an auld tree root:

Auld Ayr ran by before me,
 And bicker'd to the seas;
 A cushat crowded o'er me
 That echoed through the braes.

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THE WINTER IT IS PAST.

A FRAGMENT.



HE winter it is past, and the simmer comes
 at last,
 And the small birds sing on every tree;
 Now every thing is glad, while I am very
 sad,
 Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee;
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at
 rest,
 But my true love is parted from me.

FRAGMENT.



ER flowing locks, the raven's wing,
 Adown her neck and bosom hing;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her!

Her lips are roses wet wi' dew!
 Oh, what a feast her bonnie mou!
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
 A crimson still diviner!

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT.

TUNE—"CAPTAIN O'KEAN."



HE small birds rejoice in the green leaves
 returning,
 The murmuring streamlet winds clear
 through the vale;
 The hawthorn trees blow in the dew of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale:

But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by
care?

No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd could it merit their malice,
A King and a Father to place on his throne?

His right are these hills, and his right are these
valleys,

Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find
none.

But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched, forlorn,

My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn :

Your deeds prov'd so loyal in hot bloody trial,

Alas ! I can make you no sweeter return !

THE BELLES OF MAUCLINE.

TUNE—" BONNIE DUNDEE."



IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young
Belles,

The pride o' the place and its neighbour-
hood a',

Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a' :

Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,

Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw :

There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,

But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEM
THAT'S AWA.



HERE'S a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
May never guid luck be their fa'!

It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan,
Although that his band be sma'.
May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her frae evil!
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
And wander their way to the devil!

Here's a health to them that's awa,
Here's a health to them that's awa;
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
That lives at the lug o' the law!
Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Here's freedom to him that wad write!
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be
heard,
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's a health to them that's awa,
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred amang mountains o' snaw!

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.



AM my mammie's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fley'd wad mak me eerie, sir.

CHORUS.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet;
 I'm owre young, 'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammie yet.

My mammie coft me a new gown,
 The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
 Were I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
 I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
 I'm owre young, &c.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, sir;
 And you an' I in ae bed,
 In troth I dare na venture, sir.
 I'm owre young, & c.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws through the leafless timmer, sir;
 But if ye come this gate again,
 I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
 I'm owre young, &c.

DAMON AND SYLVIA.

TUNE—"THE TITHER MORN, AS I FORLORN."



ON wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
 And glances o'er the brae, sir:
 Slides by a bower where monie a flower
 Sheds fragrance on the day, sir.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay:
 To love they thought nae crime, sir;
 The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,
 While Damon's heart beat time, sir.

MY LADY'S GOWN THERE'S GAIRS
UPON'T.

CHORUS.



Y lady's gown there's gairs upon't.
 And gowden flowers sae rare upon't;
 But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,
 My lord thinks muckle mair upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane,
By Colin's cottage lies his game,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's white, my lady's red,
And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude,
But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

My lady's gown, &c.

Out o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass,
There wons auld Colin's bonnie lass,
A lily in a wilderness.

My lady's gown, &c.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Like music notes o' lover's hymns :
The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's gown, &c.

My lady's dink, my lady's drest,
The flower and fancy o' the west ;
But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
O that's the lass to make him blest.

My lady's gown, &c.

O AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

CHORUS.



AYE my wife she dang me,
 An' aft my wife did bang me;
 If ye gie a woman a' her will,
 Guid faith she'll soon o'ergang thee.

On peace and rest my mind was bent,
 And fool I was I married;
 But never honest man's intent
 As cursedly miscarried.

Some sairie comfort still at last,
 When a' thir days are done, man,
 My pains o' hell on earth is past,
 I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
 O aye my wife, &c.

THE BANKS OF NITH.

A BALLAD.



O thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
 Where late wi' careless thought I
 rang'd,
 Though prest wi' care and sunk in woe,
 To thee I bring a heart unchang'd.

I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,
 Though mem'ry there my bosom tear;
 For there he rov'd that brake my heart,
 Yet to that heart, ah, still how dear!

BONNIE PEG.



S I came in by our gate end,
 As day was waxin' weary,
 O wha came tripping down the street,
 But bonnie Peg, my dearie!

Her air sae sweet, and shape complete,
 Wi' nae proportion wanting,
 The Queen of Love did never move
 Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' linked hands, we took the sands
 A-down yon winding river;
 And, oh! that hour and broomy bower,
 Can I forget it ever?

O LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS.

CHORUS.



LAY thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

A SLAVE to Love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
 But now he is my deadly fae,
 Unless thou be my ain.
 O lay thy loof, &c.

There's monie a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink I hae lo'ed best;
 But thou art Queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.
 O lay thy loof, &c.

O GUID ALE COMES.

CHORUS.



GUID ale comes, and guid ale goes,
 Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I HAD sax owsen in a pleugh,
 They drew a' weel eneugh,
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale hauds me bare and busy,
 Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done,
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.
 O guid ale comes, &c.

O WHY THE DEUCE.

EXTEMPORE. APRIL, 1782.



WHY the deuce should I repine,
 And be an ill foreboder?
 I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
 I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
 I held it weel thegither;
 But now it's gane and something mair,
 I'll go and be a sodger.

POLLY STEWART.

TUNE—"YE'RE WELCOME, CHARLIE STEWART."

CHORUS.



LOVELY Polly Stewart,
 O charming Polly Stewart,
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
 That's half so fair as thou art.

THE flower it blaws, it fades, it fa's,
 And art can ne'er renew it;
 But worth and truth eternal youth
 Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he, whase arms shall fauld thy charms,
 Possess a leal and true heart;
 To him be given to ken the heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart!
 O lovely, &c.

ROBIN SHURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS.



ROBIN shure in hairst,
 I shure wi' him,
 Fient a heuk had I,
 Yet I stack by him.

I GAED up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab o' plaiden,
 At his daddie's yett,
 Wha met me but Robin?

Was na Robin bauld,
 Though I was a cotter,
 Play'd me sic a trick
 And me the ells's dochter?
 Robin shure, &c.

Robin promis'd me
 A' my winter vittle;
 Fient haet he had but three
 Goose feathers and a whittle.
 Robin shure, &c.

THE FIVE CARLINS.

AN ELECTION BALLAD.*

TUNE—"CHEVY CHACE."



HERE were five carlins in the south,
 They fell upon a scheme,
 To send a lad to Lon'on town
 To bring us tidings hame.

Not only bring us tidings hame,
 But do our errands there,
 And aiblins gowd and honour baith
 Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggie † by the banks o' Nith,
 A dame wi' pride enough;
 And Marjorie ‡ o' the monie Lochs,
 A Carlin auld an' teugh.

And blinkin Bess § o' Annandale,
 That dwells near Solway side,
 And whisky Jean || that took her gill
 In Galloway so wide.

And auld black Joan ¶ frae Creighton peel,
 O' gipsy kith an' kin,
 Five weightier Carlins were na found
 The south kintra within.

* The "five Carlins" were the five boroughs of Dumfriesshire and Kircudbright, which sent one member to Parliament.

† Dumfries.

|| Kircudbright.

‡ Lochmaben.

¶ Sanquhar.

§ Annan.

To send a lad to Lon'on town
They met upon a day,
And monie a Knight and monie a Laird
That errand fain would gae.

O! monie a Knight and monie a Laird
This errand fain would gae;
But nae ane could their fancy please,
O! ne'er a ane but twae.

The first ane was a belted Knight,
Bred o' a border band,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
Might nae man him withstand.

And he wad do their errands weel,
And meikle he wad say,
And ilka ane at Lon'on Court
Wad bid to him guid day.

Then neist came in a sodger youth,
And spak wi' modest grace,
An' he wad gae to Lon'on town,
If sae their pleasure was.

He wad na hecht them courtly gift,
Nor meikle speech pretend;
But he wad hecht an honest heart
Wad ne'er desert his friend.

Now whom to choose and whom refuse;
To strife thae Carlins fell;
For some had gentle folk to please,
And some wad please themsel.

Then out spak min-mou'd Meg o' Nith,
An' she spak out wi' pride,
An' she wad send the sodger youth
Whatever might betide.

For the auld guidman o' Lon'on Court
She did not care a pin,
But she wad send the sodger youth
To greet his eldest son.

Then up sprang Bess o' Annandale :
A deadly aith she's ta'en,
That she wad vote the border Knight,
Though she should vote her lane.

For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
An' fools o' change are fain :
But I hae tried the border Knight,
I'll try him yet again.

Says auld black Joan frae Creighton peel,
A Carlin stout and grim,
The auld guidman or young guidman,
For me may sink or swim !

For fools may prate o' right and wrang,
While knaves laugh them to scorn ;
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best,
Sae he shall bear the horn.

Then whisky Jean spak o'er her drink,
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
The auld guidman o' Lon'on court,
His back's been at the wa'.

And monie a friend that kiss'd his caup,
 Is now a frammit wight;
 But it's ne'er sae wi' whisky Jean,
 We'll send the border Knight.

Then slow raise Marjorie o' the Lochs,
 And wrinkled was her brow;
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,
 Her auld Scots heart was true.

There's some great folks set light by me,
 I set as light by them;
 But I will sen' to Lon'on town,
 Wha I lo'e best at hame.

So how this weighty plea will end,
 Nae mortal wight can tell;
 God grant the King and ilka man
 May look weel to himsel'!

THE DEUKS DANG O'ER MY DADDIE.



HE bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,
 The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O!
 The fient ma care, quo' the feirie auld
 wife,

He was but a paidlin body, O!
 He paidles out, and he paidles in,
 An' he paidles late and early, O;
 This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,
 An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O.

O haud your tongue, my feirie auld wife,
 O haud your tongue now, Nansie, O :
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wadna been sae donsie, O :
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
 And cuddl'd me late and earlie, O ;
 But downa do's come o'er me now,
 And, oh, I find it sairly, O !

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.



WHEN Winter's wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the north I took my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
 Just in the middle o' my care ;
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And bade her mak a bed to me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down ;
 She put the cup to her rosy lips,
 And drank, " Young man, now sleep ye soun."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I put my arms about her neck.

“Haud aff your hands, young man,” she says,
“And dinna sae uncivil be :
If ye hae onie love for me,
O wrang na my virginitie !”

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie ;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
And aye she wist na what to say ;
I laid her between me and the wa',
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we rose,
I thank'd her for her courtesie ;
But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd,
And said, “Alas ! ye've ruined me.”

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
 While the tear stood twinkling in her ee;
 I said, " My lassie, dinna cry,
 For ye aye shall make the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
 And made them a' in sarks to me:
 Blythe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonnie lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me:
 I'll ne'er forget till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me!

THE UNION.

TUNE—" SUCH A PARCEL OF ROGUES IN A NATION."



AREWEEL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Fareweel our ancient glory!
 Fareweel even to the Scottish name,
 Sae fam'd in martial story!

Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's province stands;
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What guile or force could not subdue,
 Through many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward few,
 For hireling traitors' wages.

The English steel we could disdain,
 Secure in valour's station,
 But English gold has been our bane;
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

O would, or I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had lien in clay,
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
 But pith and power, till my last hour
 I'll mak this declaration,
 We're bought and sold for English gold:
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

THERE WAS A BONNIE LASS.



HERE was a bonnie lass, and a bonnie,
 bonnie lass,
 And she lo'ed her bonnie laddie dear;
 Till war's loud alarms tore her laddie frae
 her arms,
 Wi' monie a sigh and tear.

Over sea, over shore, where the cannons loudly roar,
 He still was a stranger to fear:
 And nocht could him quell, or his bosom assail,
 But the bonnie lass he lo'ed sae dear.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

TUNE—"HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT."



Y Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fu' stately strode he on the plain!
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.

CHORUS.

O for him back again,
 O for him back again,
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie up the glen;
 I sit me down and greet my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.
 O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
 And ilka body had their ain,
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again!
 O for him, &c.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

TUNE—"JOHNNY M'GILL."



WILT thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie
Dunbar?

O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie
Dunbar?

Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar.

WEE WILLIE.



WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;

Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and
jacket:

The rose upon the brier will be him trouse
and doublet,

The rose upon the brier will be him trouse and
doublet!

Wee Willie Gray, and his leather wallet;
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.



BEYOND thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn Wood,
And blythely awaukens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn Wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I mauna tell,
I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
 In love to lie and languish,
 'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
 My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
 Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
 An' a' my days o' life to come,
 I'll gratefully adore thee.
 Beyond thee, &c.

HERE'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER!

TUNE—"THE JOB OF JOURNEY-WORK."



ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fautor;
 Although my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here's his health in water!

O! wae gae by his wanton sides,
 Sae brawlie he could flatter;
 Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
 And dree the kintra clatter.
 But though my back be at the wa',
 And though he be the fautor;
 But though my back be at the wa',
 Yet, here's his health in water!

AS DOWN THE BURN THEY TOOK THEIR WAY.



S down the burn they took their way,
And through the flowery dale;
His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
And love was aye the tale.

With " Mary, when shall we return,
Sic pleasure to renew ?"
Quoth Mary, " Love, I like the burn,
And aye shall follow you."

LADY ONLIE.

TUNE—" RUFFIAN'S RANT."



' THE lads o' Thornie-bank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,
They'll step in an' tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews good ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gude ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky;

And cheerlie blinks the ingle-gleed
 Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!
 Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
 Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;
 I wish her sale for her gude ale,
 The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

AS I WAS A WANDERING.

TUNE—"RINN MEUDIAL MO MHEALLADH."



S I was a wand'ring ae midsummer e'enin',
 The pipers and youngsters were making
 their game;
 Amang them I spied my faithless fause
 lover,

Which bled a' the wounds o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi'
 him;

I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
 I flatter my fancy I may get anither,
 My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

I could na get sleeping till dawin for greetin',
 The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain:
 Had I na got greetin', my heart wad a broken,
 For, oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi'
him,

I may be distress'd, but I winna complain;
I flatter my fancy I may get anither,

My heart it shall never be broken for ane.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY.

TUNE—"THE KILLOGIE."



ANNOCKS o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the Highlandman's
Bannocks o' barley.

Wha in a brulzie
Will first cry a parley?
Never the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.

Bannocks o' bear meal,
Bannocks o' barley;
Here's to the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.
Wha in his wae-days
Were loyal to Charlie?
Wha but the lads wi'
The bannocks o' barley.

OUR THRISSLES FLOURISHED FRESH AND FAIR.

TUNE—"AWA, WHIGS, AWA."

CHORUS.



WA, Whigs, awa!
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae good at a'.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs came like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stour o't;
And write their names in his black beuk,
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done wi' thriving.

Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin.

Awa, Whigs, awa !
 Awa, Whigs, awa !
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
 Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

PEG-A-RAMSEY.

TUNE—" CAULD IS THE E'ENIN' BLAST."



AULD is the e'enin' blast
 O' Boreas o'er the pool,
 And dawin' it is dreary
 When birks are bare at Yule.

O bitter blaws the e'enin' blast
 When bitter bites the frost,
 And in the mirk and dreary drift
 The hills and glens are lost.

Ne'er sae murky blew the night
 That drifted o'er the hill,
 But a bonnie Peg-a-Ramsey
 Gat grist to her mill.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

TUNE—" O'ER THE WATER TO CHARLIE."



OME boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
 Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
 I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
 To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be abhor him :
 But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
 And Charlie's faes before him !
 I swear and vow by moon and stars,
 And sun that shines so early,
 If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd die as aft for Charlie.
 We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
 We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
 Come weal, come woe, we'll gather and go,
 And live or die wi' Charlie !

BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER.

TUNE—" GALA WATER."

CHORUS.



RAW, braw lads of Gala Water;
 O braw lads of Gala Water;
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

SAE fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
 Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 The mair I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,
 O'er yon moss amang the heather;
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
 Down amang the broom, my dearie,
 The lassie lost a silken snood,
 That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.
 Braw, braw lads of Gala Water;
 O braw lads of Gala Water:
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love through the water.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

TUNE—"COMING THROUGH THE RYE."



COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—
 Coming through the rye;
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need the world ken ?
 Jenny's a' wat, poor body ;
 Jenny's seldom dry ;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

TUNE—"JACKY LATIN."



AT ye me, O gat ye me,
 O gat ye me wi' naething ?
 Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
 A mickle quarter basin.

Bye attour, my gutcher has
 A hich house and a laigh ane,
 A' for bye, my bonnie sel',
 The toss of Ecclefechan.

O haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
 O haud your tongue and jauner ;
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander :
 I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure ;
 But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,
 Wad airt me to my treasure.

GUDEWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.



ANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
 But we'll ne'er stray for faut o' light,
 For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
 And blude-red wine's the rising sun.

CHORUS.

Then gudewife count the lawin,
 The lawin, the lawin ;
 Then gudewife count the lawin,
 And bring a coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
 And semple folk maun fecht and fen ;
 But here we're a' in ae accord,
 For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.
 Then gudewife, &c.

My coggie is a haly pool,
 That heals the wounds o' care and dool ;
 And pleasure is a wanton trout,
 An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out.
 Then gudewife, &c.

HAD I THE WYTE.

TUNE—"HAD I THE WYTE SHE BADE ME."



AD I the wyte, had I the wyte,
 Had I the wyte she bade me;
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side,
 And up the loan she shaw'd me;

And when I wadna venture in,
 A coward loon she ca'd me;
 Had kirk and state been in the gate,
 I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftilie she took me ben,
 And bade me make nae clatter;
 "For our ramgunshoch glum gudeman
 Is out and owre the water:"
 Whae'er shall say I wanted grace,
 When I did kiss and dawte her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Syne say I was the fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
 Could I for shame refused her?
 And wadna manhood been to blame,
 Had I unkindly used her?
 He clawed her wi' the ripplin-kame,
 And blue and bluidy bruised her;
 When sic a husband was frae hame,
 What wife but had excused her?

I dighted aye her een sae blue,
 And bann'd the cruel randy;
 And weel I wat her willing mou'
 Was e'en like sugar-candy.
 A gloamin-shot it was I trow,
 I lighted on the Monday;
 But I cam through the Tysday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

HEE BALOU.

TUNE—"THE HIGHLAND BALOU."



EE balou! my sweet wee Donald,
 Picture o' the great Clanronald;
 Brawlie kens our wanton chief
 Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie,
 An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie:
 Travel the country through and through,
 And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, o'er the border,
 Weel, my babie, may thou further:
 Herry the louns o' the laigh countree,
 Syne to the Highlands hame to me.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

TUNE—"JUMPIN' JOHN."



ER daddie forbad, her minnie forbad;
Forbidden she wadna be:
She wadna trow't, the browst she brew'd
Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf,
And thretty gude shillins and three;
A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter,
The lass wi' the bonnie black e'e.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie,
The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
Beguiled the bonnie lassie.

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNIE LASS.

TUNE—"LAGGAN BURN."



HERE'S to thy health, my bonnie lass,
Gude night, and joy be wi' thee;
I'll come nae mair to thy bower door,
To tell thee that I lo'e thee.

O dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee:
I vow and swear I dinna care
How lang ye look about ye.

Thou'rt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means
Frae wedlock to delay thee;
Depending on some higher chance—
But fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me;
But I'm as free as any he,
Sma' siller will relieve me.
I count my health my greatest wealth,
Sae long as I'll enjoy it:
I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

But far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And aye until ye try them :
 Though they seem fair, still have a care,
 They may prove waur than I am.
 But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
 My dear, I'll come and see thee ;
 For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
 Nae travel makes him weary.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

TUNE—"THE DUSTY MILLER."



HEY, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty coat ;
 He will win a shilling,
 Or he spend a groat.

Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack ;
 Leeze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck.
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller ;
 I wad gie my coatie
 For the dusty miller.

THE CARDIN' O'T.

TUNE—"SALT FISH AND DUMPLINGS."



COFT a stane o' haslock woo',
 To mak a coat to Johnny o't;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 I lo'e him best of ony yet.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be beld aboon;
 Yet I hae seen him on a day,
 The pride of a' the parishen.
 The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,
 The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw the lynin o't.

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

TUNE—"MAGGY LAUDER."



MARRIED with a scolding wife
 The fourteenth of November;
 She made me weary of my life,
 By one unruly member.

Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended;
But, to my comfort be it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
A man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And gone I know not whither:
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestowed well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The deil would ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why,—methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNIE MARY.

TUNE—"THE RUFFIAN'S RANT."



IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
At Darlet we a blink did tarry;
As day was dawin in the sky
We drank a health to bonnie Mary.

Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' is done in vain;
My love and native land farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear;
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore;
And ga'e his bridle-reins a shake,
With adieu for evermore,
My dear;
With adieu for evermore.

The sodger from the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear;
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folk bound to sleep;
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night, and weep,
My dear;
The lee-lang night, and weep.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNIE FACE.

TUNE—"THE MAID'S COMPLAINT."



T is na, Jean, thy bonnie face,
Nor shape, that I admire,
Although thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awake desire.

Something, in ilka part o' thee,
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
An' as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME.

TUNE—"JAMIE, COME TRY ME."

CHORUS.



JAMIE, come try me,
Jamie, come try me;
If thou would win my love,
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
 Could I deny thee?
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
 Wha could espy thee?
 If thou wad be my love,
 Jamie, come try me.
 Jamie, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me;
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN.

TUNE—"HEY TUTTI, TAITI."



LANDLADY, count the lawin,
 The day is near the dawin;
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou.
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now?

Cog an' ye were aye fou,
 Cog an' ye were aye fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you
 If ye were aye fou.

Weel may ye a' be !
 Ill may we never see !
 God bless the King, boys,
 And the companie !
 Hey tutti, taiti,
 How tutti, taiti—
 Wha's fou now ?

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

TUNE—"LADY BADINSCOTH'S REEL."



Y love she's but a lassie yet ;
 My love she's but a lassie yet ;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O ;
 Wha gets her needs na say she's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O !

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet ;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never miss'd it yet.
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't ;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

MY HEART WAS ANCE.

TUNE—"TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO."



MY heart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang,
But a bonnie westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.
To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
To the weavers gin ye go;
I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
To the weavers gin ye go.

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.

A bonnie westlin weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a net,
In every knot and thrum.

I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
And ay I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it ga'e a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonnie westlin weaver lad
Convoy'd me through the glen.

But what was said, or what was done,
 Shame fa' me gin I tell;
 But oh! I fear the kintra soon
 Will ken as weel's mysel.
 To the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
 To the weavers gin ye go;
 I rede you right gang ne'er at night,
 To the weavers gin ye go.

LOVELY DAVIES.

TUNE—"MISS MUIR."



HOW shall I, unskilfu', try
 The poet's occupation,
 The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whisper inspiration?

Even they maun dare an effort mair,
 Than aught they ever gave us,
 Or they rehearse, in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
 Like Phœbus in the morning,
 When past the shower, and ev'ry flower
 The garden is adorning.

As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is;
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes;

A scepter'd hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances :
 The man in arms, 'gainst female charms,
 Even he her willing slave is ;
 He hugs his chain and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble powers surrender ;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour :
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is ;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

KENMURE'S ON AND AWA.

TUNE—"O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE."



KENMURE'S on and awa, Willie !
 O Kenmure's on and awa !
 And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !
 Success to Kenmure's band ;
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine ;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie !
 O Kenmure's lads are men ;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—
 And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie !
 They'll live or die wi' fame ;
 But soon, wi' sounding victorie,
 May Kenmure's lord come hame.

Here's him that's far awa, Willie ! -
 Here's him that's far awa ;
 And here's the flower that I love best—
 The rose that's like the snaw !

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

TUNE—"O MOUNT AND GO."

CHORUS.



MOUNT and go,
 Mount and make you ready ;
 O mount and go,
 And be the Captain's Lady.

WHEN the drums do beat,
 And the cannons rattle,
 Thou shalt sit in state,
 And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe
 Sues for peace and quiet,

To the shades we'll go,
 And in love enjoy it.
 O mount and go,
 Mount and make you ready ;
 O mount and go,
 And be the Captain's Lady.

LADY MARY ANN.

TUNE—"CRAIGTOWN'S GROWING."



LADY Mary Ann

Look'd o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonnie boys
 Playing at the ba' ;

The youngest he was
 The flower amang them a' ;
 My bonnie laddie's young,
 But he's growin yet.

O father ! O father !
 An' ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year
 To the college yet :
 We'll sew a green ribbon
 Round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken
 He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary Ann
 Was a flower i' the dew,
 Sweet was its smell
 And bonnie was its hue !

And the langer it blossom'd
 The sweeter it grew ;
 For the lily in the bud
 Will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochrane
 Was the sprout of an aik ;
 Bonnie and bloomin'
 And straught was its make :
 The sun took delight
 To shine for its sake,
 And it will be the brag
 O' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane
 When the leaves they were green,
 And the days are awa
 That we hae seen ;
 But far better days
 I trust will come again,
 For my bonnie laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.



H! I am come to the low countrie,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Without a penny in my purse
 To buy a meal to me.

It was na sae in the Highland hills,
 Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
 Nae woman in the country wide
 Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hills so high,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes,
And casting woo' to me.

I was the happiest of the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest lad,
And Donald he was mine.

Till Charlie Stewart cam' at last,
Sae far to set us free;
My Donald's arm was wanted then,
For Scotland and for me.

Their waefu' fate what need I tell?
Right to the wrang did yield:
My Donald and his country fell
Upon Culloden's field.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the world wide
Sae wretched now as me.

MERRY HAE I BEEN TEETHIN' A HECKLE.

TUNE—"LORD BREADALBANE'S MARCH."



MERRY hae I been teethin' a heckle,
And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;
O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle,
And kissin my Katie when a' was done.

O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,
And a' the lang night as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins,
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Bless'd be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave.
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
An' come to my arms, and kiss me again!
Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE.

TUNE—"RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE."



RATTLIN', roarin' Willie,
 O, he held to the fair,
 An' for to sell his fiddle,
 An' buy some other ware.

But parting wi' his fiddle,
 The saut tear blin't his ee;
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 O sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine!
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The warl' would think I was mad;
 For mony a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannily keekit ben—
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie
 Was sitting at yon board en',
 Sitting at yon board en',
 And amang guid companie;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

O MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.



MALLY'S meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

As I was walking up the street,
A barefit maid I chanced to meet;
But O the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Comes trinkling down her swan-like neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.
O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

SAE FAR AWA.

TUNE—"DALKEITH MAIDEN BRIDGE."



SAD and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sae far awa;
 Unknowing what my way may thwart
 My native land sae far awa.

Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this Fair sae far awa,
 Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this my way sae far awa.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her sae far awa:
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
 While, oh! she is sae far awa.
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but hers sae far awa;
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than hers, the Fair sae far awa.

O STEER HER UP.

TUNE—"O STEER HER UP, AND HAUD HER GAUN."



STEER her up and haud her gaun—
 Her mother's at the mill, jo;
 And gin she winna take a man,
 E'en let her take her will, jo:

First shore her wi' a kindly kiss,
 And ca' another gill, jo,
 And gin she take the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte her fill, jo.

O steer her up, and be na blate,
 An' gin she take it ill, jo,
 Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
 And time nae longer spill, jo:
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute,
 But think upon it still, jo;
 Then gin the lassie winna do't,
 Ye'll fin' anither will, jo.

O WHAR DID YE GET.

TUNE—"BONNIE DUNDEE."



WHAR did ye get that hauver meal
 bannock?

O silly blind body, O dinna ye see?
 I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
 Between Saint Johnston and bonnie Dundee.
 O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
 Aft has he doudled me up on his knee;
 May Heaven protect my bonnie Scots laddie,
 And send him safe hame to his babie and me!

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
 My blessin's upon thy bonnie e'e-brie!
 Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
 Thou's aye the dearer and dearer to me!

But I'll big a bower on yon bonnie banks,
 Where Tay rins wimplin' by sae clear;
 And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
 And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.

THE FETE CHAMPETRE.

TUNE—"KILLIECRANKIE."



WHA will to Saint Stephen's house,
 To do our errands there, man?
 O wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
 O' th' merry lads o' Ayr, man?

Or will we send a man o' law?
 Or will we send a sodger?
 Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
 The meikle Ursa Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
 For worth and honour pawn their word,
 Their votes shall be Glencaird's, man;
 Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
 Anither gies them clatter;
 Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
 He gies a Fête Champetre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
 The gay green-woods amang, man;
 Where gathering flowers and busking bowers,
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man;

A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss
Sir Politics to fetter,
As their's alone, the patent bliss,
To hold a Fête Champetre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
O'er hill and dale she flew, man ;
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
Ilk glen and shaw she knew, man :
She summon'd every social sprite,
That sports by wood or water,
On th' bonny banks of Ayr to meet,
And keep this Fête Champetre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
Were bound to stakes like kye, man ;
And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
Clamb up the starry sky, man :
Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
Or down the current shatter ;
The western breeze steals through the trees,
To view this Fête Champetre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats !
What sparkling jewels glance, man !
To Harmony's enchanting notes,
As moves the mazy dance, man.
The echoing wood, the winding flood,
Like Paradise did glitter,
When angels met at Adam's yett,
To hold their Fête Champetre.

When Politics came there, to mix
And make his ether-stane, man !
He circled round the magic ground,
But entrance found he nane, man :

He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,
 Forswore it, every letter,
 Wi' humble prayer to join and share
 This festive Fête Champetre.

SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME.

TUNE—"AY WAUKIN O."



IMMER'S a pleasant time,
 Flow'rs of ev'ry colour;
 The water rins o'er the heugh,
 And I long for my true lover.

Ay waukin O,
 Waukin still and wearie:
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

When I sleep I dream,
 When I wauk I'm eerie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleeping;
 I think on my bonnie lad
 And I bleer my een with greetin'.
 Ay waukin O,
 Waukin still and wearie;
 Sleep I can get nane
 For thinking on my dearie.

THE BLUDE RED ROSE AT YULE MAY BLAW.

TUNE—"TO DAUNTON ME."



HE blude red rose at Yule may blaw,
The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,
The frost may freeze the deepest sea;
But an auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fresh beef and his saut,
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunton me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

He hirples twa-fauld as he dow,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
And the rain rains down frae his red bleer'd ee—
That auld man shall never daunton me.

To daunton me, and me sae young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That is the thing you ne'er shall see;
For an auld man shall never daunton me.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

TUNE—"IF THOU'LT PLAY ME FAIR PLAY."



HE bonniest lad that e'er I saw,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.

On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 His royal heart was firm and true,
 Bonnie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonnie lassie, Lawland lassie,
 For freedom and my King to fight,
 Bonnie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake;
 Bonnie Highland laddie.
 Go, for yoursel procure renown,
 Bonnie laddie, Highland laddie,
 And for your lawful King his crown,
 Bonnie Highland laddie!

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

TUNE—"BAB AT THE BOWSTER."



HE cooper o' Cuddie cam' here awa,
 And ca'd the girrs out owre us a'—
 And our gude-wife has gotten a ca'
 That anger'd the silly gude-man, O.

We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door;
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 And cover him under a mawn, O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
 Wi', Deil hae her! and, Deil hae him!
 But the body was sae doited and blin',
 He wist na where he was gaun, O.
 They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
 'Till our gude-man has gotten the scorn;
 On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
 And swears that they shall stan', O.
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door;
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 And cover him under a mawn, O.

NITHSDALE'S WELCOME HAME.



THE noble Maxwells and their powers
Are coming o'er the Border,
And they'll gae bigg Terreagle's towers,
An' set them a' in order,

And they declare Terreagle's fair,
For their abode they choose it;
There's no a heart in a' the land,
But's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear,
And angry tempests gather;
The happy hour may soon be near
That brings us pleasant weather:
The weary night o' care and grief
May hae a joyful morrow;
So dawning day has brought relief—
Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

THE TAILOR.

TUNE—"THE TAILOR FELL THROUGH THE BED, THIMBLES

AN' A'."



THE Tailor fell through the bed, thimbles
an' a',

The Tailor fell through the bed, thimbles
an' a';

The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles an' a.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
 The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
 Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
 The dearest siller that ever I wan!

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
 There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
 To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

THE TITHER MORN.



HE tither morn,
 When I forlorn
 Aneath an aik sat moaning,
 I did na trow,
 I'd see my jo,
 Beside me gain the gloaming.
 But he sae trig
 Lap o'er the rig,
 And dawtingly did cheer me,
 When I, what reck,
 Did least expec',
 To see my lad so near me.
 His bonnet he,
 A thought ajee,
 Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me;
 And I, I wat,

Wi' fainness grat,
 While in his grips he press'd me,
 Deil tak the war!
 I late and air
 Hae wish'd since Jock departed;
 But now as glad
 I'm wi' my lad,
 As short syne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blythe and merry,
 I car'd na by,
 Sae sad was I
 In absence o' my dearie.
 But, praise be blest,
 My mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny:
 At kirk and fair,
 I'se aye be there,
 And be as canty's ony.

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

TUNE—"KELLYBURN BRAES."



HERE lived a carle on Kellyburn braes
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi'
 thyme),
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his
 days;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 He met wi' the Devil; says, "How do yow fen?"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint"
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 "For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave"
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 "But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"O welcome, most kindly," the blythe carle said
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 "But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor ye're ca'd,"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil has got the auld wife on his back
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 Syn e bade her gae in, for a b—h and a w—e,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
 Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed through them like ony wud bear
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa'
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"O, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a';"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the edge o' his knife
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The Devil he swore by the kirk and the bell
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
He was not in wedlock, thank heav'n, but in hell;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I hae been a devil the feck o' my life"
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme),
"But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife;"
And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

THERE WAS A LASS.

TUNE—"DUNCAN DAVISON."



HERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
And she held o'er the moors to spin;
There was a lad that follow'd her,
They ca'd him Duncan Davison.
The moor was dreigh, the moor was skiegh,
Her favour Duncan could na win;
For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
And aye she shook the temper-pin.

As o'er the moor they lightly foor,
A burn was clear, a glen was green,
Upon the banks they eased their shanks,
And aye she set the wheel between:
But Duncan swore a haly aith,
That Meg should be a bride the morn;
Then Meg took up her spinnin' graith,
And flung them a' out o'er the burn.

We'll big a house—a wee, wee house,
And we will live like king and queen,
Sae blythe and merry we will be
When ye set by the wheel at e'en.
A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonnie lass,
And aye be welcome back again.

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW.

TUNE—"THE WEARY PUND O' TOW."



HE weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow;
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

I bought my wife a stane o' lint
 As gude as e'er did grow,
 And a' that she has made o' that,
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyont the ingle low,—
 And aye she took the tither souk
 To drouk the stowrie tow.

Quoth I, For shame, ye dirty dame,
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet—I sang to see't—
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe;
 And or I wad anither jad,
 I'll wallop in a tow.

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow!
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

TUNE—"UP WI' THE PLOUGHMAN."



HE ploughman he's a bonnie lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo,
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.

CHORUS.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
 And hey, my merry ploughman;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He's aften wat and weary;
 Cast off the wat, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie!
 Up wi't a', &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will dress his o'erlay;
 I will make my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.
 Up wi't a', &c.

I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at St. Johnston,
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was the ploughman laddie dancin'.
 Up wi't a', &c.

Snaw-white stockings on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin' ;
 A gude blue bonnet on his head,
 And O, but he was handsome !
 Up wi't a', &c.

Commend me to the barn-yard,
 And the corn-mou, man ;
 I never gat my coggie fou
 Till I met wi' the ploughman.
 Up wi't a', &c.

THE CARLES OF DYSART.

TUNE—"HEY CA' THROUGH."



P wi' the carles o' Dysart,
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,
 And the kimmers o' Largo,
 And the lasses o' Leven.
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we hae mickle ado ;
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we hae mickle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
 And we hae sangs to sing ;
 We hae pennies to spend,
 And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,
 And them that come behin',

Let them do the like,
 And spend the gear they win.
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we hae mickle ado;
 Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
 For we hae mickle ado.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY.

TUNE—"DUNCAN GRAY."



WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't;
 Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

When a' the lave gae to their play,
 Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
 And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
 And a' for the girdin o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 Glowrin a' the hills aboon—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
 I tint my curch, and baith my shoon;
 Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—
 Wae on the bad girdin o't!

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!
 Ise bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
 Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
 The beast again can bear us baith,
 And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,
 And clout the bad girdin o't.

MY HOGGIE.

TUNE—"WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE DIE."



HAT will I do gin my Hoggie die?
 My joy, my pride, my Hoggie!
 My only beast, I had nae mae,
 And oh but I was vogie!

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
 Me and my faithfu' doggie;
 We heard nought but the roaring linn,
 Among the braes sae scroggie;

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
 The blutter frae the boggie,
 The tod reply'd upon the hill,
 I trembled for my Hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did crow,
 The morning it was foggie;
 An unco tyke lap o'er the dyke,
 And maist has kill'd my Hoggie.

WHERE HAE YE BEEN.

TUNE—"KILLIECRANKIE."



HARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?

Whare hae ye been sae brankie, O?

O, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?

Cam ye by Killiecrankie, O?

An' ye had been whare I hae been,

Ye wad na been so cantie, O;

An' ye had seen what I hae seen,

On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;

At hame I fought my auntie, O;

But I met the Devil an' Dundee,

On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a furr,

An' Clavers got a clankie, O;

Or I had fed an Athole gled,

On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

COCK UP YOUR BEAVER.

TUNE—"COCK UP YOUR BEAVER."



HEN first my brave Johnnie lad

Came to this town,

He had a blue bonnet

That wanted the crown;

But now he has gotten
 A hat and a feather,—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,
 And cock it fu' sprush,
 We'll over the Border
 And gie them a brush ;
 There's somebody there
 We'll teach better behaviour—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

THE HERON BALLADS.*

FIRST BALLAD.



WOM will you send to London town,
 To Parliament and a' that ?
 Or wha in a' the country round
 The best deserves to fa' that ?
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Through Galloway and a' that ;
 Where is the laird or belted knight
 That best deserves to fa' that ?

* These songs were written to serve Patrick Heron, of Kerroughtree, in two elections for Kirkcudbright, in which he was opposed first, by Gordon of Balmaghie, and secondly by the Hon. Montgomery Stewart. They are known to the peasantry as the Heron Ballads.

Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett,
 And wha is't never saw that?
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree meets,
 And has a doubt of a' that?
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, an' a' that.

Though wit and worth in either sex,
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that;
 Wi' dukes an' lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why should we to nobles jouk?
 And is't against the law that?
 For why, a lord may be a gouk,
 Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A lord may be a lousy loun,
 Wi' ribbon, star, an' a' that.

A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
 Wi' uncle's purse an' a' that;
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
 A man we ken, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're not to be bought an' sold
 Like naigs, an' nowt, an' a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, an' a' that,
 Our representative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They would be blest that saw that.

THE ELECTION.

SECOND BALLAD.



Y, let us a' to Kirkcudbright,
 For there will be bickerin there;
 For Murray's light-horse are to muster,
 And oh, how the heroes will swear!
 An' there will be Murray commander,
 And Gordon the battle to win;
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
 Sae knit in alliance an' sin.

An' there will be black-lippit Johnnie,
 The tongue o' the trump to them a';
 An he get na hell for his haddin
 The Deil gets na justice ava';
 An' there will be Kempleton's birkie,
 A boy no sae black at the bane,
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let that subject alane.

An' there will be Wigton's new sheriff,
Dame Justice fu' brawlie has sped,
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby,
But, Lord ! what's become o' the head ?
An' there will be Cardoness, Esquire,
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes ;
A wight that will weather damnation,
For the Devil the prey will despise.

An' there will be Douglasses doughty,
New christ'ning towns far and near !
Abjuring their democrat doings,
By kissing the — o' a peer ;
An' there will be Kenmure sae gen'rous,
Whose honour is proof to the storm,
To save them from stark reprobation,
He lent them his name to the firm.

But we winna mention Redcastle,
The body e'en let him escape !
He'd venture the gallows for siller,
An' 'twere na the cost o' the rape.
An' where is our King's lord lieutenant,
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return ?
The billie is gettin his questions,
To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

An' there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead wha's as gude as he's true ;
An' there will be Buittle's apostle,
Wha's more o' the black than the blue ;
An' there will be folk from St. Mary's,
A house o' great merit and note,
The Deil ane but honours them highly—
The Deil ane will gie them his vote !

An' there will be wealthy young Richard,
 Dame Fortune should hing by the neck ;
For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
 His merit had won him respect :
An' there will be rich brother nabobs,
 Though nabobs, yet men of the first,
An' there will be Collieston's whiskers,
 An' Quintin, o' lads not the worst.

An' there will be Stamp-Office Johnnie,
 Tak tent how ye purchase a dram ;
An' there will be gay Cassencarrie,
 An' there will be gleg Colonel Tam ;
An' there will be trusty Kerroughtree,
 Whose honour was ever his law,
If the virtues were pack'd in a parcel,
 His worth might be sample for a'.

An' can we forget the auld major,
 Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some other,
 Him only 'tis justice to praise.
An' there will be maiden Kilkerran,
 And also Barskinming's gude knight,
An' there will be roarin' Birtwhistle,
 Wha, luckily, roars in the right.

An' there, frae the Niddisdale's borders,
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves ;
Tough Johnnie, staunch Geordie, an' Walie,
 That griens for the fishes an' loaves ;
An' there will be Logan Mac Dowall,
 Sculdudd'ry an' he will be there,
An' also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgerin', gunpowder Blair.

Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
 An' hey for the blessings 'twill bring!
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
 In Sodom 'twould make him a king;
 An' hey for the sanctified Murray,
 Our land who wi' chapels has stor'd;
 He founder'd his horse among harlots,
 But gied the auld naig to the Lord.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

THIRD BALLAD.



HA will buy my troggin,
 Fine election ware;
 Broken trade o' Broughton,
 A' in high repair.

Buy braw troggin,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggin,
 Let him come to me.

There's a noble Earl's
 Fame and high renown,
 For an auld sang—
 It's thought the gudes were stown.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broughton
 In a needle's ec;
 Here's a reputation
 Tint by Balmaghie.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's an honest conscience
Might a prince adorn ;
Frae the downs o' Tinwald—
So was never worn.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's its stuff and lining,
Cardoness' head ;
Fine for a sodger
A' the wale o' lead.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's a little wadset,
Buittle's scrap o' truth,
Pawn'd in a gin-shop
Quenching holy drouth.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's armorial bearings
Frae the manse o' Urr ;
The crest, a sour crab-apple
Rotten at the core.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,
Like a bizzard gled,
Pouncing poor Redcastle
Sprawlin' as a taed.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
Collieston can boast ;
By a thievish midge
They had been nearly lost.
Buy braw troggin, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments
 O' the Ten Commands;
 Gifted by black Jock,
 To get them aff his hands.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
 If to buy ye're slack,
 Hornie's turnin' chapman,—
 He'll buy a' the pack.
 Buy braw troggin, &c.

YE SONS OF OLD KILLIE.

TUNE—"SHAWNBOY."



Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
 To follow the noble vocation;
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such
 another
 To sit in that honoured station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As praying's the ton of your fashion;
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
 'Tis seldom her favourite passion.
 Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
 Who marked each element's border;
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
 Whose sovereign statute is order;
 Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
 Or withered envy ne'er enter;
 May secresy round be the mystical bound,
 And brotherly love be the centre!

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

TUNE—"YE JACOBITES BY NAME."



Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear;

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear;

Ye Jacobites by name,

Your fautes I will proclaim,

Your doctrines I maun blame—

You shall hear.

What is right and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?

What is right and what is wrang by the law?

What is right and what is wrang?

A short sword and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife fam'd afar?

What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Or hunt a parent's life

Wi' bluidie war.

Then let your schemes alone, in the State, in the State;

Then let your schemes alone in the State;

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone

To his fate.

SONG—AH, CHLORIS.

TUNE—"MAJOR GRAHAM."



H, Chloris, since it may na be,
 That thou of love wilt hear;
 If from the lover thou maun flee,
 Yet let the friend be dear.

Although I love my Chloris mair
 Than ever tongue could tell;
 My passion I will ne'er declare,
 I'll say, I wish thee well.

Though a' my daily care thou art,
 And a' my nightly dream,
 I'll hide the struggle in my heart,
 And say it is esteem.

WHAN I SLEEP I DREAM.



WHAN I sleep I dream,
 Whan I wauk I'm eirie,
 Sleep I canna get,
 For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the house are sleeping,

I think on the bonnie lad
 That has my heart a keeping.
 Aye waukin O, waukin aye and wearie,
 Sleep I canna get, for thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the house are sleeping,
 I think on my bonnie lad,
 An' I bleer my een wi' greetin'!
 Aye waukin, &c.

KATHARINE JAFFRAY.



HERE liv'd a lass in yonder dale,
 And down in yonder glen, O
 And Katharine Jaffray was her name,
 Weel known to many men, O.

Out came the lord of Lauderdale
 Out frae the south countrie, O
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 Her bridegroom for to be, O.

He's tell'd her father and mother baith,
 As I hear sindry say, O;
 But he has na tell'd the lass hersel
 Till on her wedding-day, O.

Then cam the Laird o' Lochinton
 Out frae the English Border,
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 All mounted in good order.

THE COLLIER LADDIE.



WHARE live ye, my bonnie lass,
And tell me how they ca' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow my Collier laddie.

O see ye not yon hills and dales,
The sun shines on sae brawly;
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
If ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

And ye shall gang in rich attire,
Weel buskit up fu' gaudy;
And ane to wait at every hand,
If ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I would turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier laddie.

I can win my five pennies in a day,
And spend it at night fu' brawlie;
I can mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.

Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
Though the wee cot-house should haud me;
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fare fa' my Collier laddie.

WHEN I THINK ON THE HAPPY DAYS.



WHEN I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie !
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 As ye were wae and weary !
 It was na sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

TUNE—"THE CARLIN O' THE GLEN."



YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain ;
 Through a' our lasses he did rove,
 And reign'd resistless King of Love :

But now wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays amang the woods and briers ;
 Or in the glens and rocky caves
 His sad complaining dowie raves :

" I wha sae late did range and rove,
 And changed with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near,
 Repentance I should buy sae dear :
 The slighted maids my torment see,
 And laugh at a' the pangs I dree ;
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' fair,
 Forbids me e'er to see her mair ! "

THE HEATHER WAS BLOOMING.



HE heather was blooming, the meadows
 were mawn,
 Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the
 dawn,
 O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
 At length they discover'd a bonnie moor-hen.
 I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
 I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
 Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
 But cannily steal on a bonnie moor-hen.

Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,
 Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells;
 Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,
 And O! as she wantoned gay on the wing.

I rede, &c.

Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill,
 In spite at her plumage he tried his skill:
 He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
 His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she
 lay.

I rede, &c.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
 The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
 But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
 Then, whirr! she was over, a mile at a flight.

I rede, &c.

.

WAE IS MY HEART.



AE is my heart, and the tear's in my ee;
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me:
Forsaken and friendless my burden I
bear,

And the sweet voice o' pity ne'er sounds in my ear.

Love, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved ;
Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved ;
But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
I can feel its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were happy, where happy I hae been ;
Down by yon stream and yon bonnie castle green :
For there he is wand'ring and musing on me,
Wha wad soon dry the tear frae Phillis's ee.

EPPIE M'NAB.



SAW ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the
laird.

She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.

O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab!
Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?

She lets thee to wit that she has thee forgot,
And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab !
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.

AE DAY A BRAW WOOER.



E day a braw wooer came down the lang
glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
But I said there was naething I hated like
men,

The Deuce gae wi' him to believe me.

A weel stocket mailen, himsel o't the laird,
An' bridal aff han' was the proffer,
I never loot on, that I ken'd or I car'd,
But thought I might get a waur offer.

He spak o' the darts o' my bonnie black een,
An' oh for my love he was diein' ;
I said he might die when he liket for Jean,
The Gude forgie me for liein'.

But what do ye think, in a fortnight or less,
(The deil's in his taste to gae near her)
He's down to the castle to black cousin Bess,
Think how the jade I cou'd endure her.


An' a' the niest ouk as I fretted wi' care,
I gaed to the tryst o' Dulgarlock ;
An' wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
Wha glowr'd as if he'd seen a warlock.

Out owre my left shouther I gie'd him a blink,
 Lest neighbours should think I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 An' vow'd that I was a dear lassie.

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthie an' sweet,
 An' if she'd recover'd her hearin';
 An' how my auld shoon fitted her shachel'd feet
 Gude saf' us how he fell a swearin'.

He begg'd me for Gudesake that I'd be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
 An' just to preserve the poor bodie in life,
 I think I will wed him to-morrow.

AWAY TO BONNIE TWEEDSIDE.

EHOLD my love how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair;
 The balmy gales awake the flow'rs,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The laverock shuns the palace gay,
 And o'er the cottage sings,
 For Nature smiles as sweet I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
 In lordly lighted ha';
 The shepherd stops his simple reed
 Blythe in the birken shaw.
 The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance wi' scorn;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen
 In shepherd's phrase will woo;
 The courtier tells a finer tale,
 But is his heart as true?
 These wild wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine;
 The courtier's gems may witness love,
 But 'tis na love like mine.

AN' O! MY EPPIE.



N' O! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie!
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair!

By love and by beauty,
 By law, and by duty,
 I swear to be true to
 My Eppie Adair!

An' O! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie!
 Wha wadna be happy
 Wi' Eppie Adair?
 A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair!

GUDEEN TO YOU, KIMMER.



UDEEN to you, Kimmer,
 And how do ye do?
 Hiccup, quo' Kimmer,
 The better that I'm fou.
 We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
 We're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,
 Suppin hen broo;
 Deil tak Kate
 An' she be na noddin too!
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer?
 And how do ye fare?
 A pint o' the best o't,
 And twa pints mair.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
 And how do ye thrive;
 How mony bairns hae ye?
 Quo' Kimmer, I hae five.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

Are they a' Johny's?
 Eh! atweel no:
 Twa o' them were gotten
 When Johny was awa.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo;
 Lads like lasses weel,
 And lasses lads too.
 We're a' noddin, &c.

MORAG.



WAT ye wha that lo'es me,
 And has my heart a-keeping?
 O sweet is she that lo'es me,
 As dews o' summer weeping,

In tears the rose-buds steeping:
 O that's the lassie o' my heart,
 My lassie, ever dearer;
 O that's the queen o' woman-kind,
 And ne'er a ane to peer her.

If thou shalt meet a lassie,
 In grace and beauty charming;
 That e'en thy chosen lassie,
 Erewhile thy breast sae warming,
 Had ne'er sic powers alarming:
 O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast heard her talking,
 And thy attention's plighted,
 That ilka body talking
 But her by thee is slighted,
 And thou art all delighted:
 O that's the lassie, &c.

If thou hast met this fair one,—
 When frae her thou hast parted,

If every other fair one
 But her, thou hast deserted,
 And thou art broken-hearted;
 O that's the lassie, &c.

O THAT I HAD NE'ER BEEN MARRIED.



THAT I had ne'er been married,
 I wad never had nae care;
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 An' they cry crowdie ever mair.
 Ance crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day;
 Gin ye crowdie ony mair,
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Waefu' want and hunger fley me,
 Glowrin by the hallan en';
 Sair I fecht them at the door,
 But aye I'm eerie they come ben.
 Ance crowdie, &c.

THERE'S NEWS, LASSES.



HERE'S news, lasses, news,
 Gude news I've to tell,
 There's a boatfu' o' lads
 Come to our town to sell.
 The wean wants a cradle,
 An' the cradle wants a cod,
 An' I'll no gang to my bed
 Until I get a nod.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
 Do what ye can,
 I'll no gang to my bed
 Till I get a man.
 The wean, &c.

I hae as gude a craft rig
 As made o' yird and stane;
 And waly fa' the ley-crap
 For I maun till'd again.
 The wean, &c.

SCROGGAM.



HERE was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen,
 Scroggam;
 She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen,
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,
 Scroggam;
 The priest o' the parish fell in anither,
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

They laid the twa i' the bed thegither,
 Scroggam;
 That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither,
 Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
 Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.



RAE the friends and land I love,
 Driven by Fortune's felly spite,
 Frae my best belov'd I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight.

Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care,
 When remembrance wracks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore;
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, love, and peace restore.
 Till revenge, wi' laurell'd head
 Bring our banished hame again;
 And ilk loyal, bonie lad
 Cross the seas and win his ain.

THE TEARS I SHED.*



HE tears I shed must ever fall,
 I mourn not for an absent swain,
 For thought may past delights recall,
 And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,
 Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
 And those they lov'd their steps shall tread,
 And death shall join to part no more.

* Burns says, "This song was composed by a Miss Cranstoun. It wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the music, which I added, and are the four first of the last stanza."

Though boundless oceans roll'd between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads each scene,
Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear.
Even when by Death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb;
To think that even in death he lov'd,
Can gild the horrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter are the tears
Of her who slighted love bewails;
No hope her dreary prospect cheers,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Hers are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, of wither'd joy:
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed, burns to destroy.

Even conscious virtue cannot cure
The pangs to every feeling due:
Ungenerous youth! thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart and break it too!
In vain does memory renew
The hours once ting'd in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon starts to view,
And turns the thought to agony.

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between;
He made me blest—and broke my heart!
From hope, the wretched's anchor, torn,
Neglected, and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.



GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.



' all.

Aback, away,
aloof.

Abeigh, at a shy
distance.

Aboon, above,

up.

Abread, abroad, in sight.

Abreed, in breadth.

Ae, one.

Aff, off; *Aff loof*, unpre-
meditated.

Afore, before.

Aft, oft.

Aften, often.

Agley, off the right line,
wrong.

Aiblins, perhaps.

Ain, own.

Airl-penny, earnest-money.

Airn, iron.

Aith, an oath.

Aits, oats.

Aiver, an old horse.

Aizle, a hot cinder.

Alake, alas!

Alane, alone.

Akwart, awkward.

Amaist, almost.

Amang, among.

An', and, if.

Ance, once.

Ane, one.

Anent, over against.

Anither, another.

Ase, ashes.

Asklent, askint, aslant.

Asteer, abroad, stirring.

Athort, athwart.

Aught, possession; as, in *a'*
my aught, in all my pos-
session.

Auld lang syne, older time,
days of other years.

Auld, old.
Auldfarran, or *auld farrant*,
 sagacious, cunning, prudent.
Ava, at all.
Awa, away.
Awfu', awful.
Awn, the beard of barley,
 oats, &c.
Awnie, bearded.
Ayont, beyond.

BA', ball.
Backets, ash boards.
Backlins, coming back, re-
 turning.
Bad, did bid.
Baide, endured, did stay.
Baggie, the belly.
Bainie, having large bones,
 stout.
Bairn, a child.
Bairntime, a family of chil-
 dren, a brood.
Baith, both.
Ban, to swear.
Bane, bone.
Bang, to beat, to strive.
Bardie, diminutive of hard.
Barefit, barefooted.
Barmie, of, or like barm.
Batch, a crew, a gang.
Batts, botts.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold.
Bawk, bank.
Baws'nt, having a white
 stripe down the face.
Be, to let be, to give over, to
 cease.
Bear, barley.
Beastie, dimin. of beast.
Beet, to add fuel to fire.
Beld, bald.
Belyve, by and by.
Ben, into the spence, or par-
 lour.

Benlomond, a noted moun-
 tain in Dumbartonshire.
Bethankit, grace after meat.
Beuk, a book.
Bicker, a kind of wooden
 dish, a short race.
Bie, or *Bield*, shelter.
Bien, wealthy, plentiful.
Big, to build.
Biggin, building, a house.
Biggit, built.
Bill, a bull.
Billie, a brother, a young
 fellow.
Bing, a heap of grain, pota-
 toes, &c.
Birk, birch.
Birken-shaw, *Birchen-wood-*
shaw, a small wood.
Birkie, a clever fellow.
Birring, the noise of part-
 ridges, &c. when they
 spring.
Bit, crisis, nick of time.
Bizz, a bustle, to buzz.
Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf,
 a term of contempt.
Blastit, blasted.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blather, bladder.
Blaud, a flat piece of any-
 thing; to slap.
Blaw, to blow, to boast.
Bleerit, bleared, sore with
 rheum.
Bleert and blin, bleared and
 blind.
Bleezing, blazing.
Blellum, idle talking fellow.
Blether, to talk idly, non-
 sense.
Bleth'rin, ta'king idly.
Blink, a little while, a smil-
 ing look, to look kindly;
 to shine by fits.
Blinker, a term of contempt.
Blinkin, smirkin.

Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the king's birth-day, a blue cloak or gown, with a badge.

Bluid, blood.

Bluntie, snivelling.

Blype, a shred, a large piece.

Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently.

Bocked, gushed, vomited.

Bodle, a small gold coin.

Bogles, spirits, hobgoblins.

Bonnie, or *bonny*, handsome, beautiful.

Bonnock, a kind of thick cake of bread, a small jacket, or loaf made of oatmeal.

Boord, a board.

Boortree, the shrub elder; planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.

Boost, behaved, must needs.

Bore, a hole in the wall.

Botch, an angry tumour.

Bouk, vomiting, gushing out.

Bousing, drinking.

Bow-kail, cabbage.

Bowt, bended, crooked.

Brachens, fern.

Brae, a declivity, a precipice, the slope of a hill.

Braid, broad.

Bragin't, reel'd forward.

Braik, a kind of harrow.

Braingé, to run rashly forward.

Brak, broke, made insolvent.

Branks, a kind of wooden curb for horses.

Brash, a sudden illness.

Brats, coarse clothes, rags, &c.

Brattle, a short race, hurry, fury.

Braw, fine, handsome.

Brawlyt, or *brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily.

Braxie, a morbid sheep.

Breastie, diminutive of breast.

Breastit, did spring up or forward.

Breckan, fern.

Breef, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.

Brecks, breeches.

Brent, smooth.

Brewin, brewing.

Brie, juice, liquid.

Brig, a bridge.

Brunstane, brimstone.

Brisket, the breast, the bosom.

Brither, a brother.

Brock, a badger.

Brogue, a hum, a trick.

Broo, broth, liquid, water.

Broose, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.

Burgh, a burgh.

Bruilzie, a broil, a combustion.

Brunt, did burn, burnt.

Brust, burst.

Buchan-bullers, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.

Buckskin, an inhabitant of Virginia.

Bught, a pen.

Bughtin-time, the time of collecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.

Buirdly, stout-made, broad-made.

Bum-clock, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.

Bumming, humming as bees.

- Bummle*, to blunder.
Bummler, a blunderer.
Bunker, a window-seat.
Burdies, diminutive of birds.
Bure, did bare.
Burn, water, a rivulet.
Burnewin, i.e. *burn the wind*, a blacksmith.
Burnie, dimin. of burn.
Bushie, bushy.
Buskit, dressed.
Busks, dresses.
Bussle, a bustle, to bustle.
Buss, shelter.
But, bot, with.
But an' ben, the country kitchen and parlour.
By himself, lunatic, distracted.
Ryke, a bee-hive.
Byre, a cow-stable, a sheep-pen.

CA', to call, to name, to drive.
Ca't, or *ca'd*, called, driven, calved.
Cadger, a carrier.
Cadie, or *caddie*, a person, a young fellow.
Caff, chaff.
Caird, a tinker.
Cairn, a loose heap of stones.
Calf-ward, a small enclosure for calves.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, fresh, sound, refreshing.
Canie, or *cannie*, gentle, mild, dexterous.
Cannilie, dexterously, gently.
Cantie, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
Cantraip, a charm, a spell.
Cap-stane, cope-stone, key-stone.
Carcerin, cheerfully.

Carl, an old man.
Carlín, a stout old woman.
Cartes, cards.
Caudron, a caldron.
Cauk and keel, chalk and red clay.
Cauld, cold.
Caup, a wooden drinking-vessel.
Cesses, taxes.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe.
Chap, a person, a fellow, a blow.
Chaup, a stroke, a blow.
Cheekit, cheeked.
Cheep, a chirp, to chirp.
Chiel or *cheel*, a young fellow.
Chimla, or *chimlie*, a fire-grate, a fire-place.
Chimla-lug, the fire side.
Chittering, shivering, trembling.
Chockin, choking.
Chow, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side.
Chuffie, fat-faced.
Clachan, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
Claise, or *claes*, clothes.
Claithe, cloth.
Claitheing, clothing.
Claivers, nonsense, not speaking sense.
Clap, clapper of a mill.
Clarkit, wrote.
Clash, an idle tale, the story of the day.
Clatter, to tell little idle stories; an idle story.
Claut, snatched at, laid hold of.
Claut, to clean, to scrape.
Clauted, scraped.
Clavers, idle stories.
Claw, to scratch.
Cleed, to clothe.

Cleeds, clothes.
Cleekit, having caught.
Clinkin, jerking, clinking.
Clinkumbell, who rings the church-bell.
Clips, sheers.
Clishmaclaver, idle conversation.
Clock, to hatch, a beetle.
Clockin, hatching.
Cloot, the hoof of a cow, sheep, &c.
Clootie, an old name for the Devil.
Clour, a bump or swelling after a blow.
Cluds, clouds.
Coarin, wheedling.
Coble, a fishing-boat.
Cockernony, a lock of hair tied upon a girl's head; a cap.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden dish.
Coggie, dimin. of cog.
Coila, from *Kyle*, a district of Ayrshire; so called, saith tradition, from Coil, or Coilus, a Pictish monarch.
Collie, a general, and sometimes a particular, name for country curs.
Collieshangie, quarrelling.
Commaun, command.
Cood, the cud.
Coof, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cookit, appeared, and disappeared by fits.
Coost, did cast.
Coot, the ankle or foot.
Cootie, a wooden kitchen dish;—also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be cootie.
Corbies, a species of the crow.

Core, corps, party, clan.
Corn't, fed with oats.
Cotter, the inhabitant of a *cothouse*, or cottage.
Couthie, kind, loving.
Cove, a cove.
Cowe, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright, a branch of furze, broom, &c.
Cowp, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.
Cowpit, tumbled.
Cowrin, cowering.
Cowte, a colt.
Cozie, snug.
Cozily, snugly.
Crabbit, crabbed, fretful.
Crack, conversation, to converse.
Crackin, conversing.
Craft, or *croft*, a field near a house (*in old husbandry*).
Craiks, cries or calls incessantly, a bird.
Crambo-clink, or *crambo jingle*, rhymes, doggerel verses.
Crank, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
Crankous, fretful, captious.
Cranreuch, the hoar-frost.
Crap, a crop, to crop.
Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook.
Creel, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be crazed, to be fascinated.
Creeshie, greasy.
Crood, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.
Croon, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
Crooning, humming.

Crouchie, crook-backed.
Crouse, cheerful, courageous.
Crouselly, cheerfully, courageously.
Croudie, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
Crowdie-time, breakfast-time.
Crowlin, crawling.
Crummock, a cow with crooked horns.
Crump, hard and brittle; *spoken of bread*.
Crunt, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny.
Cummock, a short staff with a crooked head.
Curchie, a courtesy.
Curler, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*.
Curlic, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
Curling, a well known game on the ice.
Curmurring, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
Curpin, the crupper.
Cushat, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
Cutty, short, a spoon broken in the middle.

DADDIE, a father.
Daffin, merriment, foolishness.
Daft, merry, giddy, foolish.
Daimen, rare, now and then; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then.
Dainty, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.
Dales, plains, valleys.

Darklins, darkling.
Daud, to thrash, to abuse.
Daur, to dare.
Daur't, dared.
Daurg, or *daurk*, a day's labour.
Davock, David.
Dawd, a large piece.
Dawtit, or *dawtet*, fondled, caressed.
Dearies, dimin. of dears.
Dearthfu', dear.
Deave, to deafen.
Deil-ma-care! no matter for all that.
Deleerit, delirious.
Describe, to describe.
Dight, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
Dight, cleaned from chaff.
Dights, cleans.
Ding, to worst, to push.
Dinna, do not.
Dirl, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
Dizzen, or *diz'n*, a dozen.
Doited, stupified, hebetated.
Dolt, stupified, crazed.
Donsie, unlucky.
Dool, sorrow; *to sing dool*, to lament, to mourn.
Doos, doves.
Dorty, saucy, nice.
Douce, or *douse*, sober, wise, prudent.
Doucely, soberly, prudently.
Dought, was or were able.
Doup, backside.
Doup-skelper, one that strikes the tail.
Dour and din, sullen, sallow.
Doure, stout, durable, sullen, stubborn.
Douser, more prudent.
Dow, am or are able, can.
Dowff, pithless, wanting force.

Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c. half asleep.
Downa, am or are not able, cannot.
Doylt, stupid.
Drap, a drop, to drop.
Draping, dropping.
Dreep, to ooze, to drop.
Dreigh, tedious, long about it.
Dribble, drizzling, slaver.
Drift, a drove.
Droddum, the breech.
Drone, part of a bagpipe.
Droop, rumpl't, that droops at the crupper.
Droukit, wet.
Drounting, drawling.
Drouth, thirst, drought.
Drucken, drunken.
Drumly, muddy.
Drummock, meal and water mixed; raw.
Drun't, pet, sour humour.
Dub, a small pond.
Duds, rags, clothes.
Duddie, ragged.
Dung, worsted; pushed, driven.
Dunted, beaten, boxed.
Dush, to push as a ram, &c.
Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

EE, the eye.
Een, the eyes.
E'enin, evening.
Eerie, frightened, dreading spirits.
Eild, old age.
Elbuck, the elbow.
Eldritch, ghastly, frightful.
En', end.
Enbrugh, Edinburgh.
Eneugh, enough.
Especial, especially.
Ettle, to try, attempt.

Eydent, diligent.

FA', fall, lot, to fall.
Fa's, does fall, waterfalls.
Faddom't, fathomed.
Fae, a foe.
Faem, foam.
Faiket, unknown.
Fairin, a fairing, a present.
Fallow, fellow.
Fand, did find.
Farl, a cake of bread.
Fash, trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
Fasht, troubled.
Fasteren-een, Fasten's Even.
Fauld, a fold, to fold.
Faulding, folding.
Faut, fault.
Fawsont, decent, seemly.
Feal, a field, smooth.
Fearfu', frightful.
Fear't, frightened.
Feat, neat, spruce.
Fecht, to fight.
Fechtin, fighting.
Feck, many, plenty.
Fecket, waistcoat.
Feckfu', large, brawny, stout.
Feckless, puny, weak, silly.
Feckly, weakly.
Feg, a fig.
Feide, feud, enmity.
Fell, keen, biting; the flesh, immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
Fen, mud, filth.
Fend, to live comfortably.
Ferleie, or *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder, a term of contempt.
Fetch, to pull by fits.
Fetch't, pulled intermit-
 tently.
Fidge, to fidget

Fiel, soft, smooth.
Fient, fiend, a petty oath.
Fier, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
Fisle, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.
Fit, a foot.
Fittie-lan, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
Fizz, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.
Flainen, flannel.
Fleech, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
Fleech'd, supplicated.
Fleechin, supplicating.
Fleesh, a fleece.
Fleg, a kick, a random blow.
Flether, to decoy by fair words.
Fletherin, flattering.
Fley, to scare, to frighten.
Flichter, to flutter as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.
Flickering, to meet, to encounter with.
Flinders, shreds, broken pieces.
Flingin-tree, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
Flisk, to fret at the yoke.
Fliskit, fretted.
Flitter, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
Flittering, fluttering, vibrating.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Foord, a ford.
Forbears, forefathers.
Forbye, besides.
Forfairn, distressed, worn out, jaded.
Forfoughten, fatigued.

Forgather, to meet, to encounter with.
Forgie, to forgive.
Forjeskit, jaded with fatigue.
Fother, fodder.
Fou, full, drunk.
Foughten, troubled, harassed.
Fouth, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
Fow, a bushel, &c.; also a pitchfork.
Frae, from.
Freath, froth.
Frien', friend.
Fu', full.
Fud, the scut, or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
Fuff, to blow intermittently.
Fuff't, did blow.
Funnie, full of merriment.
Fur, a furrow.
Furm, a form, bench.
Fyke, trifling cares; to piddle; to be in a fuss about trifles.
Fyle, to soil, to dirty.
Fyl't, soiled, dirtied.

GAB, the mouth; to speak boldly or pertly.
Gaberlunzie, an old pedlar.
Gadsman, a ploughboy, the boy that rides the horses in the plough.
Gae, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen*, gone; *gaun*, going.
Gaet, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gar, to make, to force to.
Gar't, forced to.
Garten, a garter.
Gash, wise, sagacious, talkative; to converse.
Gashin, conversing.

Gaucy, jolly, large.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to toss the head in wantonness of scorn.
Ged, a pike.
Gentles, great folks.
Geordie, a guinea.
Get, a child, a young one.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gie, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
Giftie, dimin. of gift.
Giglets, playful girls.
Gillie, a boy, servant.
Gilpey, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
Gimmer, an ewe from one to two years old.
Gin, if, against.
Gipsey, a young girl.
Girn, to grin, to twist the features in rage.
Girning, grinning.
Gizz, a periwig.
Glaikit, inattentive, foolish.
Glaive, a sword.
Gawky, half-witted, foolish, romping.
Glaizie, glittering, smooth like a glass.
Glaund, aimed, snatched.
Gleck, sharp, ready.
Gleg, sharp, ready.
Gleib, glebe.
Glen, dale, deep valley.
Gley, a squint, to squint; *agley*, off at a side, wrong.
Glib-gabbet, that speaks smoothly and readily.
Glint, to peep.
Glinted, peeped.
Glintin, peeping.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glowr, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.

Glowr'd, looked, stared.
Gowan, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
Gowany, *gowany glens*, daisied dales.
Gowd, gold.
Gowff, the game of Golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
Gowff'd, struck.
Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.
Grane, or *grain*, a groan, to groan.
Gowl, to howl.
Grain'd and gaunted, groaned and grunted.
Graining, groaning.
Graip, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
Graith, accoutrements, furniture, dress, gear.
Grannie, grandmother.
Grape, to grope.
Grapit, groped.
Grat, wept, shed tears.
Great, intimate, familiar.
Gree, to agree; *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor.
Gree't, agreed.
Greet, to shed tears, to weep.
Greetin, crying, weeping.
Grippet, caught, seized.
Groat, *to get the whistle of one's groat*, to play a losing game.
Gronsome, loathsomely, grim.
Grozet, a gooseberry.
Grumph, a grunt, to grunt.
Grumphie, a sow.
Grun', the ground.
Grunstane, a grindstone.
Gruntle, the phiz, a grunting noise.

Grunzie, mouth.
Grushie, thick, of thriving growth.
Gude, the Supreme Being; good.
Guid, good.
Guid-morning, good morrow.
Guid-e'en, good evening.
Guidman and guidwife, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
Gully, or *gullie*, a large knife.
Guidfather, guidmother, father-in-law, mother-in-law.
Gumlie, muddy.
Gusty, tasteful.

HA', hall.
Ha' bible, the great bible that lies in the hall.
Hae, to have.
Huen, had, *the participle*.
Haet, fient haet, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Hafflins, nearly half, partly.
Hag, a gulf in mosses and moors.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
Hain, to spare, to save.
Hain'd, spared.
Hairst, harvest.
Haith, a petty oath.
Haivers, nonsense, speaking without thought.
Hal', or *hald*, an abiding place.
Hale, whole, tight, healthy.
Haly, holy.
Hame, home.
Hallan, a particular parti-

tion wall in a cottage, or more properly, a seat of turf at the outside
Hallowmas, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
Hamely, homely, affable.
Han', or *hawn'*, hand.
Hap, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.
Happer, a hopper.
Happing, hopping.
Hap step an' loup, hop skip and leap.
Harkit, hearkened.
Harn, very coarse linen.
Hash, a fellow that neither knows how to dress or act with propriety.
Hastit, hastened.
Haud, to hold.
Haughs, low lying, rich lands; valleys.
Haur'l, to drag, to peel.
Haurlin, peeling.
Haverel, a half witted person, half witted.
Hawins, good manners, decorum, good sense.
Hawkie, a cow, properly one with a white face.
Heapit, heaped.
Healsome, healthful, wholesome.
Hearse, hoarse.
Hear't, hear it.
Heather, heath.
Hech! oh! strange.
Hecht, promised to foretell something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
Heckle, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
Heeze, to elevate, to raise.

Helm, the rudder or helm.
Herd, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
Herrin, a herring.
Herry, to plunder; most properly, to plunder birds' nests.
Herryment, plundering, devastation.
Hersel, herself: also a herd of cattle of any sort.
Het, hot.
Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit.
Hilch, a hobble, to halt.
Hilchin, halting.
Himsel, himself.
Hiney, honey.
Hing, to hang.
Hirple, to walk crazily, to creep.
Hirsle, so many cattle as one person can attend.
Histie, dry, chapt, barren.
Hicht, a loop, a knot.
Hizzie, huzzy, a young girl.
Hoddin, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
Hog-score, a kind of distance-line, in curling, drawn across the rink.
Hog-shouther, a kind of horse play, by justling with the shoulder; to juggle.
Hool, outer skin or case, a nut-shell, pease-swade.
Hoolie, slowly, leisurely.
Hoolie! take leisure, stop.
Hoord, a hoard; to hoard.
Hoordit, hoarded.
Horn, a spoon made of horn.
Hornie, one of the many names of the Devil.
Host, or *hoast*, to cough.
Hotin, coughing.
Hotch'd, turned topsy-turvy, blended, mixed.

Hosts, coughs.
Houghmagandie, fornication.
Houlet, an owl.
Housie, dimin. of house.
Hove, to heave, to swell.
Hov'd, heaved, swelled.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, hollow, a hollow or dell.
Howebackit, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
Howff, a landlady, a house of resort.
Howk, to dig.
Howkit, digged.
Howkin, digging.
Howlet, an owl.
Hoy, to urge.
Hoy't, urged.
Hoyse, a pull upwards.
Hoyste, to amble crazily.
Hughoc, dimin. of Hugh.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurdies, the loins, the crupper.
Hushion, cushion.

I, in.
Icker, an ear of corn.
Ier-oe, a great-grandchild.
Ilk, or *ilka*, each, every.
Ill-willie, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
Ingine, genius, ingenuity.
Ingle, fire, fire-place.
I'se, I shall or will.
Ither, other, one another.

JAD, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
Jauk, to dally, to trifle.
Jaukin, trifling, dallying.
Jaup, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
Jaw, coarse raillery, to pour

out, to shut, to jerk as
water.
Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl.
Jimp, to jump, slender in the
waist, handsome.
Jink, to dodge, to turn a
corner, a sudden turning,
a corner.
Jinker, that turns quickly, a
gay sprightly girl, a wag.
Jinkin, dodging.
Jirk, a jerk.
Jocteleg, a kind of knife.
Jouk, to stoop, to bow the
head.
Jow, to jow, a verb which
includes both the swinging
motion and pealing sound
of a large bell.
Jundie, to justle.

KAE, a daw.
Kail, colewort, a kind of
broth.
Kail-runt, the stem of cole-
wort.
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent
by a farmer.
Kebbuck, a cheese.
Keek, a peep, to peep.
Kelpies, a sort of mischievous
spirits, said to haunt fords
and ferries at night, es-
pecially in storms.
Ken, to know; *kend* or *ken't*,
knew.
Kennin, a small matter.
Kenspeckle, well known.
Ket, matted, hairy, a fleece
of wool.
Kiaugh, carking, anxiety.
Kilt, to truss up the clothes.
Kimmer, a young girl, a
gossip.
Kin, kindred.
Kin', kind.

Kintra Cooser, country stal-
lion.
King's-hood, a certain part
of the entrails of an ox, &c.
Kintra, country.
Kirn, the harvest supper, a
churn.
Kirsen, to christen, or bap-
tize.
Kist, chest, a shop counter.
Kitchen, any thing that eats
with bread, to serve for
soup, gravy, &c.
Kith, kindred.
Kittle, to tickle, ticklish,
difficult.
Kittlin, a young cat.
Kiuttle, to cuddle.
Kiuttlin, cuddling.
Knaggie, like *knags*, or points
of rocks.
Knappin, a hammer, a ham-
mer for breaking stones.
Knowe, a small round hil-
lock.
Knurl, dwarf.
Kye, cows.
Kyle, a district in Ayrshire.
Kyte, the belly.
Kythe, to discover, to show
one's self.

LADDIE, dimin. of lad.
Laggen, the angle between
the side and bottom of a
wooden dish.
Laigh, low.
Lairing, wading, and sink-
ing in snow, mud, &c.
Laith, loath.
Laithfu', bashful, sheepish.
Lallans, Scottish dialect.
Lambie, dimin. of lamb.
Lampit, a kind of shell-fish.
Lan', land, estate.
Lane, lone; *my lane*, *thy*
lane, &c. myself alone.

Lanely, lonely, &c.
Lang, long; *to think lang*,
 to long, to weary.
Lap, did leap.
Lave, the rest, the remain-
 der, the others.
Laverock, the lark.
Lavin, shot, reckoning, bill.
Lawlan, lowland.
Lea'e, to leave.
Leal, loyal, true, faithful.
Lea-rig, grassy ridge.
Lear, (pronoun. lare,) learn-
 ing.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Leesome, pleasant.
Leeze-me, a phrase of con-
 gratulatory endearment;
 I am happy in thee, or
 proud of thee.
Leister, a three-pronged dart
 for striking fish.
Leugh, did laugh.
Leuk, a look, to look.
Libbet, gelded.
Lift, sky.
Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer
 at.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
Limmer, a kept mistress, a
 strumpet.
Limp't, limped, hobbled.
Link, to trip along.
Linkin, tripping.
Linn, a waterfall, precipice.
Lint, flax; *lint i' the bell*,
 flax in flower.
Lintwhite, a linnet.
Loan, or *loanin*, the place of
 milking.
Loof, the palm of the hand.
Loot, did let.
Looves, plural of loaf.
Loun, a fellow, a ragamuffin,
 a woman of easy virtue.
Loup, jump, leap.
Lowe, a flame.

Lowin, flaming.
Lowrie, abbreviation of Law-
 rence.
Lowse, to loose.
Lows'd, loosed.
Lug, the ear, a handle.
Lugget, having a handle.
Luggie, a small wooden dish
 with a handle.
Lum, the chimney.
Lunch, a large piece of
 cheese, flesh, &c.
Lunt, a column of smoke; to
 smoke.
Luntin, smoking.
Lyart, of a mixed colour,
 gray.

MAE, more.
Mair, more.
Maist, most, almost.
Maistly, mostly.
Mak, to make.
Makin, making.
Mailen, farm.
Mallie, Molly.
Mang, among.
Manse, the parsonage-house
 where the minister lives.
Manteele, a mantle.
Mark, merks. (*This and
 several other nouns which
 in English require an s, to
 form the plural, are in
 Scotch, like the words
 sheep, deer, the same in
 both numbers.*)
Mar's year, the year 1715.
Mashlum, *meslin*, mixed
 corn.
Mask, to mash, as malt, &c.
Maskin-pat, a tea-pot.
Maukin, a hare.
Maun, must.
Mavis, the thrush.
Maw, to mow.
Mawin, mowing.

Meere, a mare.
Meikle, much.
Melancholious, mournful.
Melder, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
Mell, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
Melvie, to soil with meal.
Men', to mend.
Mense, good manners, decorum.
Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
Messin, a small dog.
Midden, a dunghill.
Midden-hole, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
Mim, prim, affectedly meek.
Min', mind, resemblance.
Min't, mind it, resolved, intending.
Minnie, mother, dam.
Mirk, mirkest, dark, darkest.
Misca', to abuse, to call names.
Misca'd, abused.
Mislearn'd, mischievous, unmannerly.
Misteuk, mistook.
Mither, a mother.
Mixtie-maxtie, confusedly mixed.
Moistify, to moisten.
Mony, or *monie*, many.
Moop, to nibble as a sheep.
Moorlan', of or belonging to moors.
Morn, the next day, to-morrow.
Mou, the mouth.
Moudiwort, a mole.
Mousie, dimin. of mouse.
Muckle, or *mickle*, great, big, much.
Musie, dimin. of muse.

Muslin-kail, broth composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
Mutchkin, an English pint.
Mysel, myself.

NA', no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not any.
Naething, or *naithing*, nothing.
Naig, a horse.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale, to be tipsy.
Negleckit, neglected.
Neebor, neighbour.
Neuk, nook.
Niest, next.
Nieve, the fist.
Nievefu', handful.
Niffer, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
Niger, a negro.
Nine-tailed-cat, a hangman's whip.
Nit, a nut.
Norland, of or belonging to the north.
Notic't, noticed.
Nowte, black cattle.

O', of.
Ochels, name of mountains.
O haith, *O faith*! an oath.
Ony, or *onie*, any.
Or, is often used for *ere*, before.
O't, of it.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Oursel, or *oursels*, ourselves.
Outlers, cattle not housed.
Owre, over, too.
Owrehip, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

PACK, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.

Painch, paunch.
Patrick, a partridge.
Pang, to cram.
Parle, speech.
Parritch, oatmeal pudding,
 a well-known Scotch dish.
Pat, did put, a pot.
Pattle, or *pettle*, a plough-
 staff.
Paughty, proud, haughty.
Pauky, or *pawkie*, cunning,
 sly.
Pay't, paid, beat.
Peck, to fetch the breath
 short, as in an asthma.
Pechan, the crop, the sto-
 mach.
Peelin, peeling.
Pet, a domesticated sheep,
 &c.
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-
 staff.
Philibegs, short petticoats
 worn by the Highland-
 men.
Phraise, fair speeches, flat-
 tery, to flatter.
Phraisin, flattery.
Pibroch, a Highland war-
 song adapted to the bag-
 pipe.
Pickle, a small quantity.
Pine, pain, uneasiness.
Pit, to put. [tion.
Plac'd, a public proclama-
Plack, an old Scotch coin,
 the third part of a Scotch
 penny, twelve of which
 make an English penny.
Plackless, pennyless, without
 money.
Platie, dimin. of plate.
Plew, or *pleugh*, a plough.
Pliskie, a trick.
Poind, to seize on cattle, or
 take the goods, as the laws
 of Scotland allow, for rent.

Poortith, poverty.
Pou, to pull.
Pouk, to pluck.
Poussie, a hare, a cat.
Pout, a poult, a chick.
Pou't, did pull.
Pouthery, like powder.
Pow, the head, the skull.
Pownie, a little horse.
Powther, or *pouther*, powder.
Preen, a pin.
Prent, print.
Prie, to taste.
Prie'd, tasted.
Prief, proof.
Prig, to cheapen, to dispute.
Priggin, cheapening.
Primsie, demure, precise.
Propone, to lay down, to pro-
 pose.
Provoses, provosts.
Pund, pound, pounds.
Pyle, a *pyle o' caff*, a single
 grain of chaff.

QUAT, to quit.
Quak, to quake.
Quey, a cow from one to two
 years old.

RAGWEED, herb ragwort.
Raible, to rattle nonsense.
Rair, to roar.
Raize, to madden, to inflame.
Ramfeezl'd, fatigued, over-
 spread.
Ram-stam, thoughtless, for-
 ward.
Raploch, properly a coarse
 cloth, but used as an ad-
 noun, for coarse.
Rarely, excellently, very
 well.
Rash, a rush; *rash-buss*, a
 bush of rushes.
Ratton, a rat.
Raucle, rash, stout, fearless.

- Raught*, reached.
Raw, a row.
Rax, to stretch.
Ream, cream; to cream.
Reamin, brimful, frothing.
Reave, rove.
Reck, to heed.
Rede, counsel, to counsel.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Red-wud, stark mad.
Ree, half drunk, fuddled.
Reek, smoke.
Reekin, smoking.
Reekit, smoked, smoky.
Remead, remedy.
Requite, requited.
Rest, to stand restive.
Restit, stood restive, stunted, withered.
Restricketed, restricted.
Rew, repent.
Rief, reef, plenty.
Rief randies, sturdy beggars.
Rig, a ridge.
Rin, to run, to melt; rinnin, running.
Rink, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice. [corn.
Rip, a handful of unthreshed
Riskit, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
Rockin, spinning on the rock, or distaff.
Rood, stands likewise for the plural *roods*.
Roon', a shred.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun', round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
Roupet, hoarse, as with a cold.
Routhie, plentiful.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Row't, rolled, wrapped.
Rowte, to low, to bellow.
Rowth, or *routh*, plenty.
Rowtin, lowing.
Rozet, rosin.
Rung, a cudgel.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
Ruth, a woman's name, the book so called; sorrow.
SAE, so.
Soft, soft.
Sair, to serve, a sore.
Sairly, or *sairlie*, sorely.
Sair't, served.
Sark, a shirt.
Sarkit, provided in shirts.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, soul.
Saumont, salmon.
Saunt, a saint.
Saut, salt.
Saw, to sow.
Sawin, sowing.
Sax, six.
Scaith, to damage, to injure, injury.
Scar, to scar, a scar.
Scaud, to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scaur, apt to be scared.
Scawl, a scold.
Scon, a kind of bread.
Sconner, a loathing, to loathe.
Scaich, to scream as a hen partridge, &c.
Screed, to tear, a rent.
Scrieve, to glide swiftly along.
Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly.
Scrimp, to scant.
Scrimpet, did scant, scanty.
See'd, did see.
Seizin, seizing.
Sel, self; a body's *sel*, one's self alone.

Sell't, did sell.
Sen', to send.
Sen't, I, he, or she sent, or did send it.
Servan', servant.
Settlin, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frightened into quietness.
Sets, sets off, goes away.
Shaird, a shred, shard.
Shangan, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
Shaver, a humorous wag, a barber.
Shaw, to show; a small wood in a hollow place.
Sheen, bright, shining.
Sheep-shank; *to think one's self nae sheep-shank*, to be conceited.
Sherra-muir, Sheriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
Sheugh, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
Shiel, a shed.
Skill, shrill.
Shog, a shock, a push off at one side.
Shool, a shovel.
Shoon, shoes.
Shore, to offer, to threaten.
Shor'd, offered.
Shourther, the shoulder.
Sic, such.
Sicker, sure, steady.
Sidelins, sidelong, slanting.
Siller, silver, money.
Simmer, summer.
Sin, a son.
Sin', since.
Skaith, see *scaith*.
Skellum, a worthless fellow.

Skelp, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step, a smart stroke.
Skelpi-limmer, a technical term in female scolding.
Skelpin, stappin, walking.
Skiegh, or Skeigh, proud, nice, high-mettled.
Skinklin, a small portion.
Skirl, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
Skirling, shrieking, crying.
Skirl't, shrieked.
Sklent, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
Sklented, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
Skreigh, a scream, to scream.
Slae, sloe.
Slade, did slide.
Slap, a gate, a breach in a fence.
Slaw, slow.
Slee, sly; *sleest*, slyest.
Sleekit, sleek, sly.
Sliddery, slippery.
Slupe, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
Slypet, fell.
Sma', small.
Smeddum, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Smoor, to smother.
Smoor'd, smothered.
Smoutie, smutty, obscene, ugly.
Smytrie, a numerous collection of small individuals.
Snapper, stumble.
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate.
Snaw, snow, to snow.
Snaw-broo, melted snow.
Snawie, snowy.
Sneck, latch of a door.
Sned, to lop, to cut off.
Sneeshin, snuff.
Sneeshin-mill, a snuff-box.

- Snell*, bitter, biting.
Snick-drawing, trick - contriving.
Snick, the latchet of a door.
Snool, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely, to sneak.
Snoore, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
Snowk, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
Snowkit, scented, snuffed.
Sonsie, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
Soom, to swim.
Sooth, truth, a petty oath.
Sough, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
Souple, flexible, swift.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowens, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of the oatmeal soured, &c. boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
Sowp, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
Sowth, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
Sowther, solder, to solder, to cement.
Spae, to prophesy, to divine.
Spairge, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
Spaul, a lamb.
Spaviet, having the spavin.
Spate, or *spate*, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
Speel, to climb.
Spence, the country parlour.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spier't, inquired.
Splatter, a splutter, to splutter.
Spleughen, a tobacco-pouch.
- Splore*, a frolic, noise, riot.
Sprattle, to scramble.
Spreckled, spotted, speckled.
Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
Sprit, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
Sprittie, full of sprits.
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit.
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery; will-o-wisp, or *ignis fatuus*.
Spurtle, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.
Squad, a crew, a party.
Squatter, a flutter in water, as a wild duck. &c.
Squattle, to sprawl.
Squeel, a scream, a screech, to scream.
Stacher, to stagger.
Stack, a rick of corn, hay &c.
Staggie, the diminutive of stag.
Stalwart, strong, stout.
Stan', to stand; *stan't*, did stand.
Stane, a stone.
Stank, did stink; a pool of standing water.
Stap, stop.
Stark, stout.
Startle, to run as cattle stung by the gad-fly.
Staumrel, a blockhead, half-witted.
Staw, did steal, to surfeit.
Stech, to cram the belly.
Stechin, cramming.
Steek, to shut, a stitch.
Steer, to molest, to stir.
Steeve, firm, compacted.
Stell, a still.
Sten, to rear as a horse.

Sten't, reared.
Stents, tribute, dues of any kind.
Stey, steep: *steyest*, steepest.
Stibble, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
Stick an stow, totally, altogether.
Stile, a crutch; to halt, to limp.
Stimpart, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
Stirk, a cow or bullock a year old.
Stock, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
Stockin', stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
Stoked, made up in shocks as corn.
Stoor, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
Stot, an ox.
Stoup, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
Stoure, dust, *more particularly* dust in motion.
Stown, stolen.
Stownlins, by stealth.
Stoyte, stumble.
Strack, did strike.
Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
Straik, did strike.
Straikit, stroked.
Strappan, tall and handsome.
Straught, straight.

Streck, stretched, to stretch.
Striddle, to straddle.
Stroan, to spout, to piss.
Studdie, an anvil.
Stumpie, dimin. of stump.
Strunt, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.
Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind.
Sturt, trouble; to molest.
Sturtin, frightened.
Sucker, sugar.
Sud, should.
Sugh, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
Suthron, southern, an old name for the English nation.
Swaïrd, sword.
Swall'd, swelled.
Swank, stately, jolly.
Swankie, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow, or girl. [ter.
Swap, an exchange, to bar-
Swarf, swoon.
Swat, did sweat.
Swatch, a sample.
Swats, drink, good ale.
Sweaten, sweating.
Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead-sweer*, extremely averse.
Swoor, swore, did swear.
Swinge, to beat, to whip.
Swirl, a curve, an eddying blast, a pool, a knot in wood.
Swirlie, knaggy, full of knots.
Swith, get away.
Swither, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
Syne, since, ago, then.
TACKETS, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.

- Tae*, a toe; *three-tae'd*, having three prongs.
Tairge, target.
Tak, to take; *takin*, taking.
Tamtallon, *Tantallon*, the name of a castle.
Tangle, a seaweed.
Tap, the top.
Tapetless, heedless, foolish.
Tarrow't, murmured.
Tarrow, to murmur at one's allowance.
Tarry-brecks, a sailor.
Tauld, or *tald*, told.
Taupie, a foolish, thoughtless young girl.
Tauted, or *tautie*, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.
Tawie, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
Teat, a small quantity.
Tedding, spreading after the mower.
Ten-hours-bite, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
Tent, a field pulpit; heed, caution, take heed.
Tentie, heedful, cautious.
Tentless, heedless.
Teugh, tough.
Thack, thatch; *thack an rape*, clothing necessities.
Thae, these.
Thairms, small guts, fiddle-strings.
Thankit, thanked.
Theekit, thatched.
Thegither, together.
Themsel, themselves.
Thick, intimate, familiar.
Thieveless, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
Thir, these.
- Thirl*, to thrill.
Thirled, thrilled, vibrated.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thowe, a thaw, to thaw.
Thowless, slack, lazy.
Thrang, throng, a crowd.
Thrapple, throat, windpipe.
Thraw, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
Thrawin, twisting, &c.
Thrawn, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
Threap, to maintain by dint of assertion.
Threshin, thrashing.
Threteen, thirteen.
Thrissle, thistle.
Through, to go on with, to make out.
Throuther, pell-mell, confusedly.
Thud, to make a loud intermittent noise.
Thumpit, thumped.
Thysel, thyself.
Till't, to it.
Timmer, timber.
Tine, to lose; *tint*, lost.
Tinkler, a tinker.
Tint the gate, lost the way.
Tip, a ram.
Tippence, two-pence.
Tirl, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
Tirlin, uncovering.
Tither, the other.
Tittle, to whisper.
Tittlin, whispering.
Tocher, marriage portion.
Tod, a fox.
Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child.
Toddlin, tottering.
Toom, empty.
Toop, a ram. [house.
Toun, a hamlet, a farm-

Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn &c.

Tow, a rope.

Towmond, a twelvemonth.

Towzie, rough, shaggy.

Toy, a very old fashion of female head-dress.

Toyte, to totter like old age.

Transmugrify'd, transformed, metamorphosed.

Trashtrie, trash.

Trews, trowsers.

Trickie, full of tricks.

Trig, spruce, neat.

Trimly, excellently.

Trow, to believe.

Trowth, truth, a petty oath.

Trysted, appointed; to *tryste*, to make an appointment.

Try't, tried.

Tug, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.

Tulzie, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.

Twa, two.

Twa-three, a few.

'Twad, it would.

Twal, twelve; *twal-penni-worth*, a small quantity, a pennyworth. N.B. *One penny English* is 12d. *Scotch*.

Twin, to part.

Tyke, a dog.

UNCO, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.

Uncos, news.

Unkenn'd, unknown.

Unsicker, unsure, unsteady.

Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt. [knowingly.]

Unweeting, unwotting, un-

Upo', upon.

Urchin, a hedge-hog.

VAP' RIN, vapouring.

Vera, very. [&c.]

Vir'l, a ring round a column,

WA', wall; *wa's*, walls.

Wabster, a weaver.

Wad, would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.

Wadna, would not.

Wae, woe, sorrowful.

Waefu', sorrowful.

Waesucks! or *waes me!* alas! O the pity.

Waft, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; woof.

Wair, to lay out, to expend.

Wale, choice, to choose.

Wal'd, chose, chosen.

Walie, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.

Wame, the belly.

Wamefu', a belly-full.

Wanchancie, unlucky.

Wanrestfu', restless.

Wark, work.

Wark-lume, a tool to work with.

Warl, or *warld*, world.

Warlock, a wizard.

Warly, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.

Warran, a warrant, to warrant.

Warst, worst. [tled.]

Warstl'd, or *warsl'd*, wres-

Wastrie, prodigality

Wat, wet; *I wat*, *I wot*, I know.

Water brose, brose made of meal and water simply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.

Wattle, a twig, a wand.
Wauble, to swing, to reel.
Waught, draught.
Waukit, thickened as fullers do cloth.
Waukrife, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse, to worst.
Waur't, worsted.
Wean, or *weanie*, a child.
Wearie, or *weary*, feeble;
mony a wearie body, many a different person.
Weason, weasand.
Weaving the stocking. See *Stockin*.
Wee, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a small matter.
Weel, well; *weelfare*, welfare.
Weet, rain, wetness.
Weird, fate.
We'se, we shall.
Wha, who.
Whaizle, to wheeze.
Whalpit, whelped.
Whang, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strappado.
Whare, where; *Wharee'er*, wherever.
Wheep, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small beer.
Whase, whose.
Whatreck, nevertheless.
Whid, the motion of a hare, running but not frightened, a lie. [or coney.
Whidden, running as a hare
Whigmeleeries, whims, fancies, crotchets.
Whingin, crying, complaining, fretting.
Whirligigums, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.

Whissle, a whistle, to whistle.
Whisht, silence; *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
Whisk, to sweep, to lash.
Whiskit, lashed.
Whitter, a hearty draught of liquor.
Whunstone, a whinstone.
Whyles, whiles, sometimes.
Wick, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
Wicker, willow, (the smaller sort.)
Wiel, a small whirlpool.
Wife, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
Wimple, to meander.
Wimpl't, meandered. [ing.
Wimplin, waving, meandering.
Win, to win, to winnow.
Win't, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
Win', wind; *win's*, winds.
Winna, will not.
Winnock, a window.
Winsome, hearty, vaunted, gay.
Wintle, a staggering motion; to stagger, to reel.
Winze, an oath.
Wiss, to wish.
Withoutten, without.
Wizen'd, hide-bound, dried, shrunk.
Wonner, a wonder, a contemptuous appellation.
Wons, dwells.
Woo', wool. [to.
Woo, to court, to make love
Woodie, a rope, more properly one made of withs or willows.
Wooer-bab, the garter knotted below the knee with a couple of loops.

Wordy, worthy.
Worset, worsted.
Wow, an exclamation of pleasure or wonder.
Wrack, to tease, to vex.
Wraith, a spirit, a ghost; an apparition exactly like a living person, whose appearance is said to forbode the person's approaching death.
Wrang, wrong, to wrong.
Wreeth, a drifted heap of snow.
Wud, mad, distracted.
Wumble, a wimble.
Wyle, beguile.
Wyliccoat, a flannel vest.
Wyte, blame, to blame.
YE; this pronoun is frequently used for thou.


Yearns, longs much.
Yearlings, born in the same year, coevals.
Year, is used both for singular and plural years.
Yell, barren, that gives no milk.
Yerk, to lash, to jerk.
Yerkit, jerked, lashed.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate, such as is usually at the entrance into a farm-yard or field.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yokin, yoking, a bout.
Yont, beyond.
Yoursel, yourself.
Yowe, a ewe.
Yowie, dimin. of yowe.
Yule, Christmas.







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